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BRITANNIA and EVE

VOL. 29, No. 6 DECEMBER, 1944

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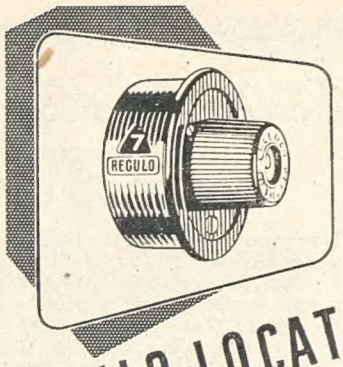
All contributions intended for publication must be addressed to the Editor, "Britannia and Eve," Commonwealth House, Number One New Oxford Street, W.C.1, and be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope. No responsibility can be accepted for the safety of any MSS., but every effort will be made to ensure their safe return if found unsuitable. The Rates of Subscription to "Britannia and Eve" will be found on page 68. The characters in all the stories in this number are purely imaginary, and no reference or allusion is intended to any living person or persons.

The Inland Postage for this issue is 3d.

A



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Not a secret weapon—but quite an apt word to describe the Regulo oven control, fitted only to gas cookers made by Radiation Ltd. It enables you to locate and maintain the right oven heat for cooking—perfectly, anything from a simple dish to a full course meal, *without attention.* The Regulo will continue to be one of the most popular features of a new and even more desirable New World cooker after the war.

REGULO
NEW WORLD
GAS COOKER

PRODUCT OF Radiation Ltd

PIONEERS OF AUTOMATIC OVEN-HEAT CONTROL

DO YOU HAVE TO REMIND HER TO CLEAN HER TEETH ...?
Not when she has her own cake of
Gibbs
DENTIFRICE
Price 7½d Refills 7d
Large size Refills 11½d
Prices U.K. only (including Purchase Tax)
GIVE YOUR TEETH A SHINE WITH GIBBS

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Festive Fare for CHRISTMAS

Don't you feel you and the family have earned the right to a little festivity this Christmas? To make the Christmas Pudding, the Christmas Cake and other seasonable things a little nearer to your memories of what such goodies should be? Well, the Ministry of Food has issued a leaflet containing some delightful suggestions and recipes. The leaflet is yours for the asking. Please see offer below. Just to be going on with, here are a few extra suggestions you may like to try out now:

Braised Stuffed Veal Bird

2-3 lb. fillet or breast of veal. Other meat suitable instead of veal; breast of lamb, beef steak, pork. *1 oz. fat for frying, 1 lb. mixed root vegetables (not potatoes).*

STUFFING (*see below for recipe*):

Bone breast or flatten fillet well with rolling-pin. Spread thin layer of the stuffing on and roll up. Tie tightly with string or tape. Make rest of stuffing into small balls. Heat fat in a large saucepan and brown the meat in it, both sides. Remove meat from pan. Pour off any remaining fat and add root vegetables cut in large pieces. Season well with salt and pepper and add 1 pint water or vegetable stock. Put meat on top of vegetables, place lid on. Bring liquid to boil, and boil gently; allow 40 minutes to each lb. meat. Fry or bake the stuffing balls separately. This takes 10-20 minutes. Dish up, arrange forcemeat balls round, serve with potatoes and sprouts. Instead of braising in saucepan, the meat can be baked in a covered dish in a slow oven if liked.

Stuffing

4 oz. stale breadcrumbs, 8 oz. finely chopped onion or leek, 2 tablespoons chopped parsley, 2 level teaspoons mixed dried herbs, salt, pepper, bacon rinds, 1 oz. fat, melted, hot water to mix.

Mix crumbs, onion or leek, parsley, herbs and seasoning together. Fry bacon rinds until crisp, and break in small pieces. Add dry ingredients with the melted fat. Mix to soft consistency with hot water.

Orange Flavour Whip

1 lb. stewed or bottled plums, 2½ level tablespoons dried milk, dry, 3 level tablespoons of the new sweet marmalade.

Strain the plums and keep the juice for a sauce or jelly. Mash the plums and mix with the milk and marmalade. Beat well. Serve in individual dishes topped with marmalade or custard.

Other delicious combinations are apples and plum jam; rhubarb and raspberry jam — and you can think of many others. When you use a somewhat colourless fruit it is best to combine it with a red jam.

These fruit whips are very easy to make and great favourites at children's parties.

Macaroons

1 tablespoon water, 1 oz. margarine, 1 teaspoon ratafia or almond essence, 2 oz. sugar, 2 oz. soya flour.

Melt margarine in water, add essence and sugar, then soya flour. Turn on to a board and knead well. Roll mixture into balls, flatten slightly and bake in a moderate oven for 20 minutes, till golden brown.

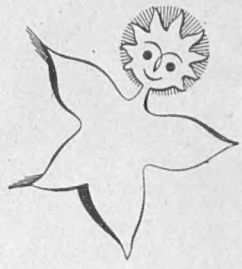
FREE CHRISTMAS LEAFLET containing recipes for the Christmas Pudding, Christmas Cake, icing, marzipan paste, stuffings, sauces, special cold sweets, and so on. Please send a postcard for it, marked "Christmas Leaflet," to the Ministry of Food, Food Advice Division, London, W.1.

(S107)

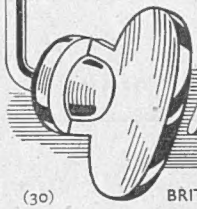
ISSUED BY THE MINISTRY OF FOOD

GAS has a practical plan

Better housing will be a first essential of peace-time Britain. New gas and gas-and-coke services will be introduced by the Gas Industry to give housewives what they deserve — more comfortable, healthier and easy-to-run homes. Step-saving kitchens, automatically controlled cookers and refrigerators, smoke-free rooms and abundant hot water. These and other amenities will be available to all—through gas.



Ask for information at your local Gas Showrooms



Meanwhile - Save GAS

(30) BRITISH COMMERCIAL GAS ASSOCIATION, LONDON, S.W.1

"Goodnight children — everywhere"

Never still for a moment. What energy they use! Now's the time for that long refreshing sleep —a cup of OXO and off to bed.

By Appointment

Crebos

Salt for dainty tables

LA LAINE

knitting wool

★ Shell-patterned blouse from La Laine Leaflet No. 2155, price 3d. or 4d. post free.

is so superbly soft, so unbelievably 'pre-war'. It may be hard to find La Laine in the shops, but not impossible.

In difficulty write BAIRNS-WEAR LTD., Dept. LL 178, Nottingham

CVS-L28

"Won't there be searchlights ?"...

She has never known a world without searchlights. Growing up in the greatest war of all time, she does not even know what peace was like.

You are anxious to ensure that once this war is over, she makes up for the loss of so much childhood joy. You will look to her health first and make sure that 'Milk of Magnesia' is your stand-by — never absent from the medicine cabinet.

In the happier days ahead, as now, 'Milk of Magnesia' will keep her fit and free from stomach troubles.

'MILK OF MAGNESIA'

'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of magnesia.

Here's the easy answer to your Gift Problem

This Xmas give yourself a holiday from the harassing chase after gifts that aren't there, save yourself the worry of wondering how to please difficult tastes. Give National Savings Gift Tokens — the present that's popular with everyone, and is so easy to buy. You can get Tokens in units of 15/- up to any amount from any Post Office, Trustee Savings Bank, Savings Centre, or through your Savings Group. What's more, your Gifts will help the country and start to grow in value from the day they're exchanged for Savings Certificates or used to make a deposit in the Post Office or a Trustee Savings Bank.

Make this a Savings Christmas

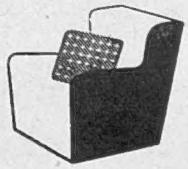
NATIONAL SAVINGS

GIFT TOKENS

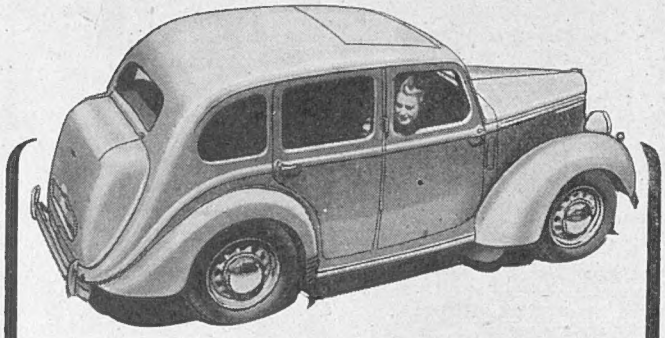
Issued by the National Savings Committee

Sundour

unfadable furnishing fabrics for post war



HILLMAN MINX



"ONE OF THE MOST SUCCESSFUL LIGHT CARS THE MOTOR INDUSTRY HAS YET TURNED OUT." *Observer.*

The Hillman Motor Car Co. Ltd., Coventry

ROOTES GROUP

YOUR FAVOURITE LAMPS ARE OVER THERE – HELPING TO BRING VICTORY

Osram

THE WONDERFUL LAMP

A G.E.C. PRODUCT

This is the label to look for

MOTOLUXE

THE COSIEST OF COATS

Don't forget this label — it stands for the cosy comfort of Motoluxe Coats. For warm and fashionable wear this winter, you'll find Motoluxe Coats are still obtainable, though they won't be plentiful till better times return. We're sorry we can't make any promises about Motoluxe Rugs just now, but— they are well worth waiting for.

Stocked by high-class shops throughout Great Britain. If any difficulty write to the manufacturers.

LEE BROTHERS (OVERWEAR) LTD., QUEEN ST. WORKS, LONDON, N.W.1

Mother!

Child's Best Laxative is 'California Syrup of Figs'

Children love the pleasant taste of 'California Syrup of Figs,' and gladly take it even when bilious, feverish, sick or constipated. This laxative regulates the tender little bowels easily and safely. It sweetens the stomach and moves the bowels without cramping or over-acting. Millions of mothers depend upon this gentle, harmless laxative.

Tell your chemist you want 'California Syrup of Figs,' which has full directions for babies and children of all ages.

Obtainable everywhere at 1/4 and 2/6.

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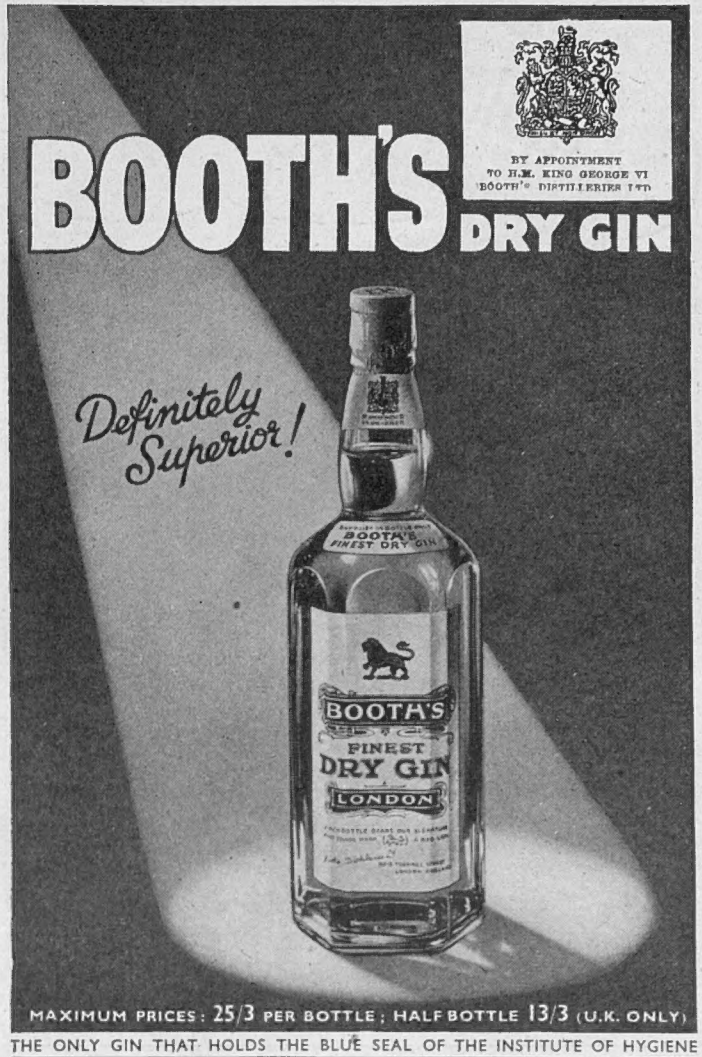
MAIN

GAS COOKER

fitted with MAINSTAT *Oven Heat Control*

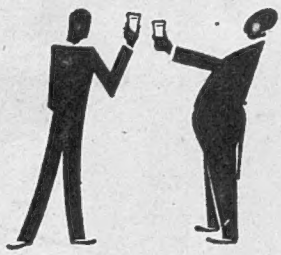
BOOTH'S DRY GIN

BY APPOINTMENT
TO H.M. KING GEORGE VI
BOOTH'S DISTILLERIES LTD



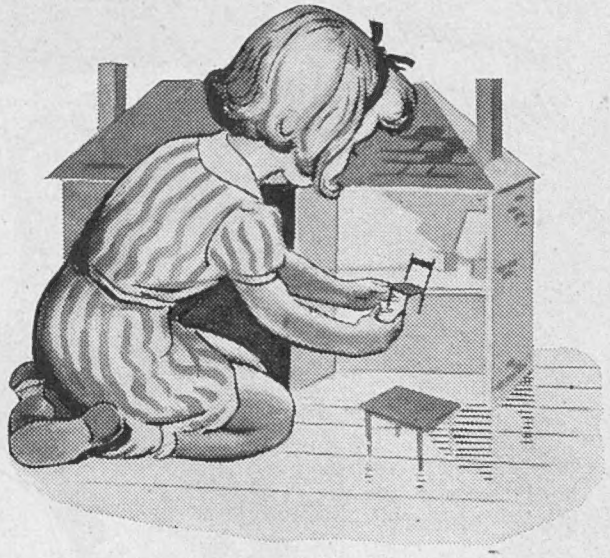
MAXIMUM PRICES: 25/3 PER BOTTLE; HALF BOTTLE 13/3 (U.K. ONLY)

THE ONLY GIN THAT HOLDS THE BLUE SEAL OF THE INSTITUTE OF HYGIENE



"May soon the joys of meeting pay the pangs of absence"

Schweppes



There's protection against those germs in dirt wherever

Lifebuoy's antiseptic lather

is used in the home.

It's more than a good soap—it's a good habit!

2½d per tablet—1 coupon

L 391-760-65 LEVER BROTHERS, PORT SUNLIGHT, LIMITED

"STELLA"

A Tomorrow will dawn when imagination can have free rein again — when colour and loveliness can be added to craftsmanship and quality, to express the exhilaration of peace-time days. That is the glory to come. TODAY — we are making WAUKEEZI ORIGINALS with all the charm and style war-time restrictions permit, still finely made, good-looking shoes. They are obtainable in strictly limited quantities, from DOLCIS, LILLEY & SKINNER, MANFIELD, SAXONE and other high-grade shoe shops.

ORIGINALS BY "Waukeezi"

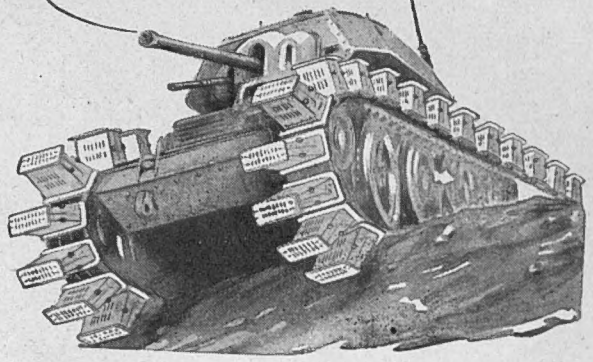
Each Shoe a Model Shoe—as Exclusive as a Model Gown!

THE WAUKEEZI SHOE COMPANY LIMITED

Be smart, be fresh, be free from perspiration taint. Do this : put 1 teaspoon of 'Milton' in a glass of water. Wash, and then bathe underarms well. 'Milton' costs 8d. and 1/11½d.

What every woman ought to know : send a 1d. stamp for booklet, *Married Wisdom*, to Milton Antiseptic Ltd., Dept. 12, John Milton House, London, N.7.

Tanks can't run on toasters



—So G.E.C. Toasters are temporarily unobtainable, the same as most other of the Company's Household Electric Appliances, to reappear after the war in new and better designs, to give you a fresh appreciation of how much electricity can do in the home; but until then metal and labour must be diverted to priority requirements.

G.E.C.

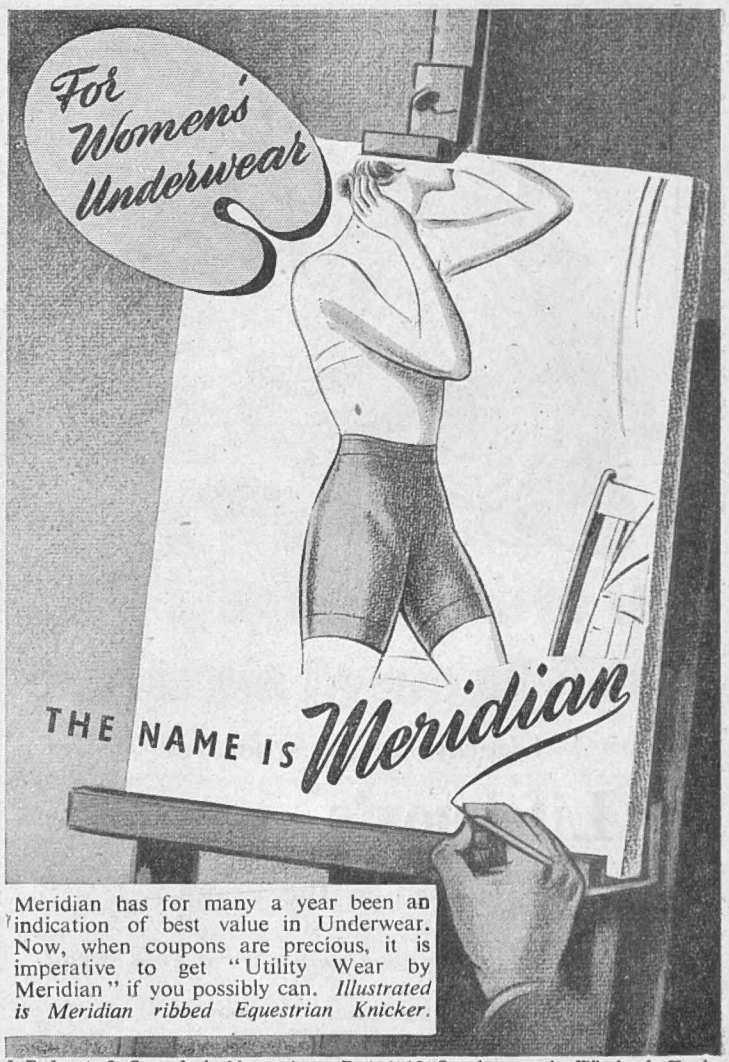
HOUSEHOLD ELECTRIC APPLIANCES

Advt. of The General Electric Co., Ltd., Magnet House, Kingsway, W.C.2

Whenever I see hands in a stocking, I think: "Ah— Aristoc!"

Sigh no more, lady. The fruits of victory will include a plentiful supply of lovely, clinging Aristoc. Meanwhile we are making the best possible wartime stockings—*Aristoc Utility*—and a few *Raystoc* and *Aristile*. Supplies are limited, but fair shares are distributed to all Aristoc dealers.

FINE GAUGE FULL-FASHIONED STOCKINGS



Meridian has for many a year been an indication of best value in Underwear. Now, when coupons are precious, it is imperative to get "Utility Wear by Meridian" if you possibly can. *Illustrated is Meridian ribbed Equestrian Knicker.*

J. B. Lewis & Sons, Ltd., Nottingham. *Estd. 1815.* Suppliers to the Wholesale Trade

From Father and Mother down to lovable little Junior, all the family know and appreciate the blanket warmth and sheet comfort of

VANTONA Blansheets

Not easy to buy—demands of the services must come first.

The range of VANTONA household Textiles also includes "Court" Bedcovers, "Morning Joy" Towels, Down Quilts, Ticks and Tickings —all bear the VANTONA Tab.

★ The VANTONA Household Advice Bureau is still at your service. It is daily answering many questions from house-proud readers.

VANTONA TEXTILES LTD., PORTLAND ST., MANCHESTER

Great Coat

An Austin Reed great coat is a first-class piece of planning for life in winter, whether you are serving at home or in other non-tropical climates. It keeps men and women in the Services warm and well-rigged, even at the cutting edge of a blizzard.

AUSTIN REED *of Regent Street*

LONDON AND PRINCIPAL CITIES • TELEPHONE: REGENT 6789

Summer country beauty for your winter linens and cottons—by using PAROZONE

Even when the rain and fogs of winter compel drying indoors, Parozoned "white things" come up dazzling in all their first spotless beauty, fresh and fragrant as a summer breeze.

AND PAROZONE DOES MORE THAN BLEACH

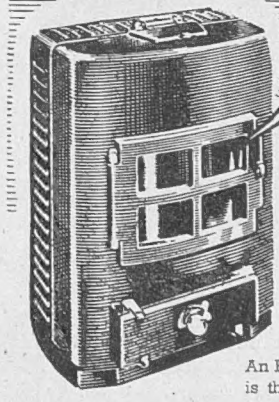
In the dark days of winter it will keep your home shining bright. Glass and crystal, china, enamelware, porcelain and tiles, plain white woodwork, all are brightened by its efficient action; sink, hand-basin, lavatory trap and drains are freshened and sterilised.

PAROZONE REG?

FROM YOUR GROCER OR STORE

Don't blame your suppliers if you can't get all the Parozone you want. Bear with us, please—we are doing everything possible to maintain supplies.

ALIGHT DAY AND NIGHT



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PATENT STOVES

An ESSE stove makes life easier for you, especially is this true in a household where there are calls for early breakfasts or late home comers.

ESSE closed fire stoves are the most efficient and economic heating stoves known.

SMITH & WELLSTOOD LTD. BONNYBRIDGE, SCOTLAND

Estd. 1854. London: 11 LUDGATE CIRCUS, E.C.4 & 46 DAVIES STREET, W.1

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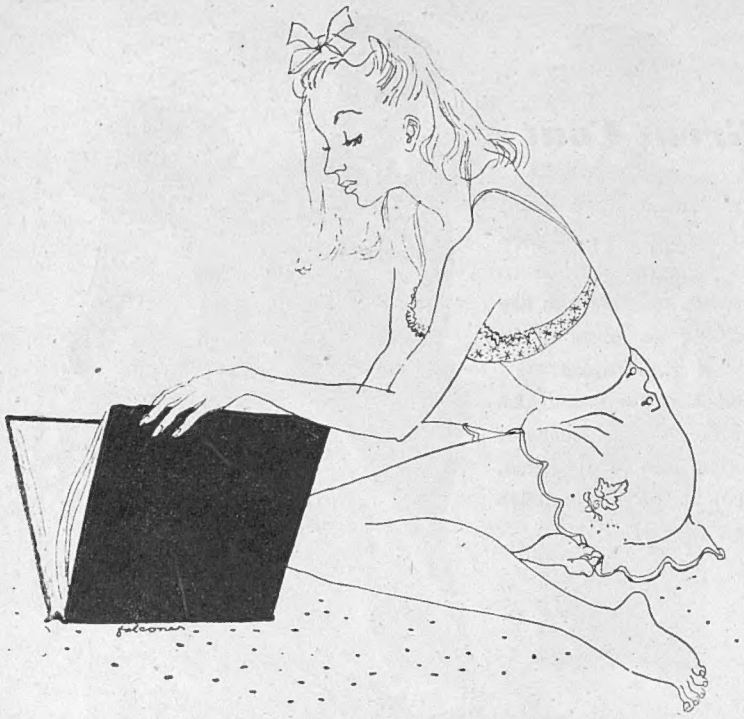


The Post-war Girl will find many exciting pages in her Book of Fashion. New hats, new frocks, and of course new foundation garments. No more austerity corsets! Instead there'll be the versatility of Youthlines—a model for every figure and each one a dream of elegance. We won't tantalise you with details now, but the name to remember is **Youthline**

GIRDLES CORSELETTES AND BRAS W B

THROUGH THE DARK YEARS THAT LIE BEHIND US THE COURAGE OF MODERN WOMANHOOD HAS NEVER FLICKERED. TODAY ALL OVER THE WORLD THE LIGHTS ARE GOING UP: EVERY CANDLE IN THE CHRISTMAS TREE STANDS FOR A HOPE FULFILLED. WOMAN HAS PLAYED A GALLANT PART: SHE WILL REAP A GLOWING REWARD—IN AFFECTION AND ADMIRATION AND THE THOUSAND-AND-ONE TRIBUTES THAT MAKE LIFE LOVELIER.

Elizabeth Arden

25 OLD BOND STREET, LONDON, W.1

Copley's Knitting Wools

Ask for your knitting needs by name—Copley's—if you prefer the best. Somewhat restricted at the moment, but soon to be found in ever-increasing supply.

The above *Lady's Shirt* is knitted with COPLEY'S 2-ply "EXCELSIOR" SHETLAND WOOL, from instructions in a new Copley's Leaflet, No. 1532.

Ask for Copley's Knitting Instruction Leaflets at your usual wool shop.

L. COPLEY-SMITH & SONS, LTD., MANCHESTER & LONDON

They're Friendly
They're Smart
They're Hutton's

In a good range of colours.

Ask for "Hutton" Shoes by name at Dolcis, Lilley & Skinner's, Saxone, and most good Shoe Shops.

Hutton of NORTHAMPTON

BRITANNIA & EVE
CHRISTMAS 1944

"To Emma," said Shorty

Shorty and Goliath

by

Caryl Brahms and S. J. Simon

IT was the year of the Earl's Court Exhibition and all London was going there by hansom. In the Portobello Road, the Old Red Lion was hung with flags. Ladies with large hats and veils sat sipping their port and showing a dainty ankle. The men were cursing the war—the Franco-Turkish one.

"On me," said Shorty.

"No," said Goliath. "On me." He plonked down an opulent twopence and the barmaid hopped to it.

"To Emma," said Goliath. He raised his glass. "The prettiest girl in Portobello Road."

"To Emma," said Shorty. He drank.

"And here's to the man she's going to marry," said Goliath.

Shorty considered this. "Here's to him," he agreed.

"Me," said Goliath swigging.

Shorty put down his glass. "No," he said quietly. "Me."

The prettiest girl in Portobello Road was scooping out a pound of new potatoes. In the little living-room at the back of the shop her father was interviewing two of her suitors.

He poured out a glass of port. "How much do you earn?" he said. He drank it.

Goliath shrank a little. "Well," he admitted, "last week I made thirty-three and ninepence."

Shorty swallowed. "I didn't make as much," he confessed. "In fact," he paused to break it gently, "I got the sack."

The greengrocer sat considering. As the bottle of port dwindled, his thoughts took shape.

"You're good lads," he said. "Why, I've known you both since you were so high." He held his hands at different levels. "But the man that marries my Emma has got to show he's got it in him. He'll have the shop after I've gone."

The thought saddened him. He produced another bottle.

"Don't take it hard, my lads," he said. "Have a drink with me and cheer up."

They had several, but only the greengrocer grew more cheerful.

"You're good lads," he said. "I'm going to give you both a chance. How much money have you got?"

Goliath emptied his pockets.

Shorty didn't need to.

The greengrocer took Goliath's money and gave him back tenpence. "Now," he said, "you're starting level. And if one of you can walk into this shop to-morrow morning with a fiver in his pocket he can have my little Emma."

A fiver! It was the Bank of England.

Outside the door the prettiest girl in Portobello Road removed her ear from the keyhole. Which of them did she want to win?

OUTSIDE the door the prettiest girl in Portobello Road removed her ear from the keyhole. Which of them did she want to win? Goliath was so resourceful—but she could make Shorty happy just by smiling at him.

What a dilemma!

ON the pavement Shorty and Goliath shook hands.

"So long, old pal," said Goliath, "and remember there'll always be a place for you at my table." He swaggered off.

But Shorty was hopeful too. He tilted his bowler hat and looked round for opportunity.

It was a lovely day. The sun was shining and there was music in the air. A barrel-organ was playing "The Man that Broke the Bank at Monte Carlo." Shorty

"To Emma," said Goliath

A man came running round the corner. He cannoned into Shorty and dived down an alleyway

approached. The monkey, a diagnostician if ever there was one, didn't even bother to hold out his cap.

ONE HUNDRED POUNDS REWARD!
A pearl necklace . . .

Shorty looked at the notice. One hundred pounds! There couldn't be such a sum.

A man came running round the corner. He cannoned into Shorty and dived down an alleyway.

Shorty stared. The gentleman had dropped a parcel. He picked it up and ran down the alley after him. But the gentleman had run very fast and he was nowhere to be seen.

So Shorty took the parcel to the Lost Property Office.

"Your name and address, please?" said the clerk. He wrote them down. "Wait here a minute," he said and went behind the glass panel to open the parcel.

Shorty caught sight of the clock on the wall. He remembered his time was money. He dashed out.

"Hey!" cried the clerk re-emerging. He was dangling a pearl necklace.

But Shorty was half-way upstairs of an Employment Agency.

THE clerk at the Employment Agency was not very hopeful. "Five pounds in a day!" He shook his head. "Why, I don't even earn that much myself!"

NOW while Shorty was shouldering his disappointment his landlady was getting a shock. A motor-car had exploded to a stop outside her respectable front door and a lady with a feather boa and a large pearl necklace was giving her a hundred pounds.

"A reward," she said, "for honesty."

She climbed back into the car and exploded off.

The landlady hurried upstairs to give Shorty his hundred pounds, collect five weeks' back rent and make an apt comment about a feather. But the room was empty.

Shorty was out trying to earn a fiver.

The landlady made the bed. Her tenant was a millionaire. What a pity she had threatened to kick him out this morning!

OUTSIDE a fashionable gambling-house the carriages were beginning to roll up. Shorty had an inspiration. He dashed up and opened a carriage door and the toff, alighting, tossed him a sixpence.

A tanner! Shorty was enchanted. At this rate he had only to open—how many carriage doors was it?—and . . . He made a dash for a carriage and pair that might well be worth a bob.

A practised hand shoved him aside.

"Buzza you off," said the powdered footman in his best English and looked his contempt at the crestfallen usurper. He looked again and his expression changed. "Mio Bambino," he said. "Shorty," he translated. He embraced him.

Shorty blushed. "Whatcher, Spaghetti," he said embarrassed. "How goes it?"

Spaghetti patted his gold-squiggled uniform. "Magnifico," he said, "I no peddle the ice-creama any more. I have the job." He kissed his fingers. "Come—I showa you."

Together they went into the house, leaving the carriage and pair worth a bob to open the door for itself.

"FAITES vos jeux," said the croupier. A shower of gold placed itself carefully about the green baize. There was also a sixpence on Number Seven. It belonged to Shorty.

"Numero Sept," said the croupier.

He paid out the gold. He looked at the sixpence. He blinked. But he was a good croupier. He paid out the sixpence.

"What do I do now?" asked Shorty, raking in the silver with trembling fingers and quite forgetting his original stake still on Number Seven.

"You getta you out," said Spaghetti. "Damquick. Here comma da boss."

He bustled him through the door.

"Numero Sept," said the croupier. That sixpence again!

SHORTY staggered down the street lost in a financial day-dream. Seventeen-and-sixpence had grown on a tree.

"My man!" A beaky old lady leant out of a fourth-floor window and pointed a parasol at him. "Do you want to earn a shilling?"

Shorty earned it, trudging up four flights of stairs and slithering down again under three trunks, and a parrot.

And as he tugged and sweated, and the old lady scolded and the cabby swore and the parrot pecked, two men walked past carrying a wooden coffer. It contained a thousand golden sovereigns and they were taking them to Shorty's lodgings. There had been a run on numero Sept.

Illustrations by Sillince

The gaming-house had a reputation to keep up. So they had asked for the address of the man in the bowler hat, and when they learnt it they sacked Spaghetti for letting him in. Back to da hokey-pokey!

"POTATOES! Lovely and hot! Two a penny—potatoes!"

Shorty approached the burning brazier. Time was money, but, after all, he had to keep his strength up.

But as the vender sprinkled salt, a cottage loaf in a rusty black shawl came plodding round the bend, sighted Shorty and made for him. It was his landlady.

His rent! And he had nineteen-and-fourpence she could get off him!

Shorty grabbed the potato and made off. Nice state of things, he reflected as he ran, when you had to dodge your landlady out of doors as well as in.

Brandishing an umbrella, the landlady gave chase. Nice state of things, she reflected, when a lodger wouldn't wait to learn he was a millionaire.

It cost money to get through the turnstiles of the Earl's Court Exhibition, but Shorty knew the man at the gates. This gained him a lead while the landlady fumbled.

THE Try-Your-Strength booth was doing a big business. "Hit the bell and see a beautiful lady fall out of bed! Roll up! Roll up!" There were three beautiful ladies and four beautiful beds. The fourth beautiful lady had got tired and gone home with poppa.

Shorty grabbed the nightdress hanging at the back of the booth. He tied the ribbons of the nightcap under his chin. His landlady would never know him now.

Neither did the proprietor of the booth.

"Into bed, Gertie," he ordered. "What d'you think I pay you for?"

Pay! Shorty hopped.

Whang!

"Oh, Alf, that was lovely," cooed the tobacconist's daughter as Shorty picked himself off the floor and climbed back into the bed. "You got great strength."

"Watch me do it again," said Alf. He lifted the hammer.

Whang!

The landlady came peering through the crowds. Girls in bed! Disgusting! She peered the other way.

Whang!

IT was cool by the lake. Couples were drifting about in boats and, on shore, the band was playing the Valeta, and people were sitting at little tables, and dancing.

Bruised all over but with twenty-one and fourpence to jingle in his pocket, Shorty came sauntering to Emma and Goliath, sitting at a table drinking sherbet.

"Who ho!" he said. "How you doing?" And he thought of the twenty-one and fourpence in his pocket and he felt fine.

"Resting," said Goliath. And he looked as though he could afford it.

Shorty came sauntering to Emma and Goliath, sitting at a table drinking sherbet

The sun went behind a cloud.

" We been on the roundabouts," said Emma. " It was lovely. How you been doing ? " she remembered.

" All right," said Shorty and sat down carefully.

" Come and dance," said Emma. But Shorty thought he wouldn't, so she danced with Goliath.

Shorty watched the dancers. But after a bit he got tired of smiling at Emma when she came round, and went back to wondering how much money Goliath had got in his wallet. It looked mighty plump, sticking out of the coat he had left on the arm of his chair. One little tilt and it would fall into the lake.

Did leather sink ?

Emma came round and smiled and waved and was engulfed. Shorty couldn't see her—what's more she couldn't see him. His elbow sneaked out. A man could have an accident. Nobody could prove it wasn't an accident. Nobody would know.

" I 'd know," said Shorty's better self.

Shorty moved away, looked straight ahead of him and kept his elbows well in.

Emma and Goliath came back. Goliath mopped his brow, flopped into his chair and knocked his wallet into the water.

Leather did sink ! For Emma gave a little shriek. Goliath gave a louder one.

" My money," he mourned. " All my money."

With a sigh Shorty dived in. What else could he do ? Goliath couldn't swim.

VERY wet and no richer, Shorty trudged down the Portobello Road. There was a fortune waiting for him at his lodgings, but he was going back to dry his suit. No good could come of catching pneumonia.

But as he drew near the parlour window flew open and his landlady leant out and began to shout at him.

Twenty-one-and-fourpence ! Better wet than penniless.

Shorty turned and ran.

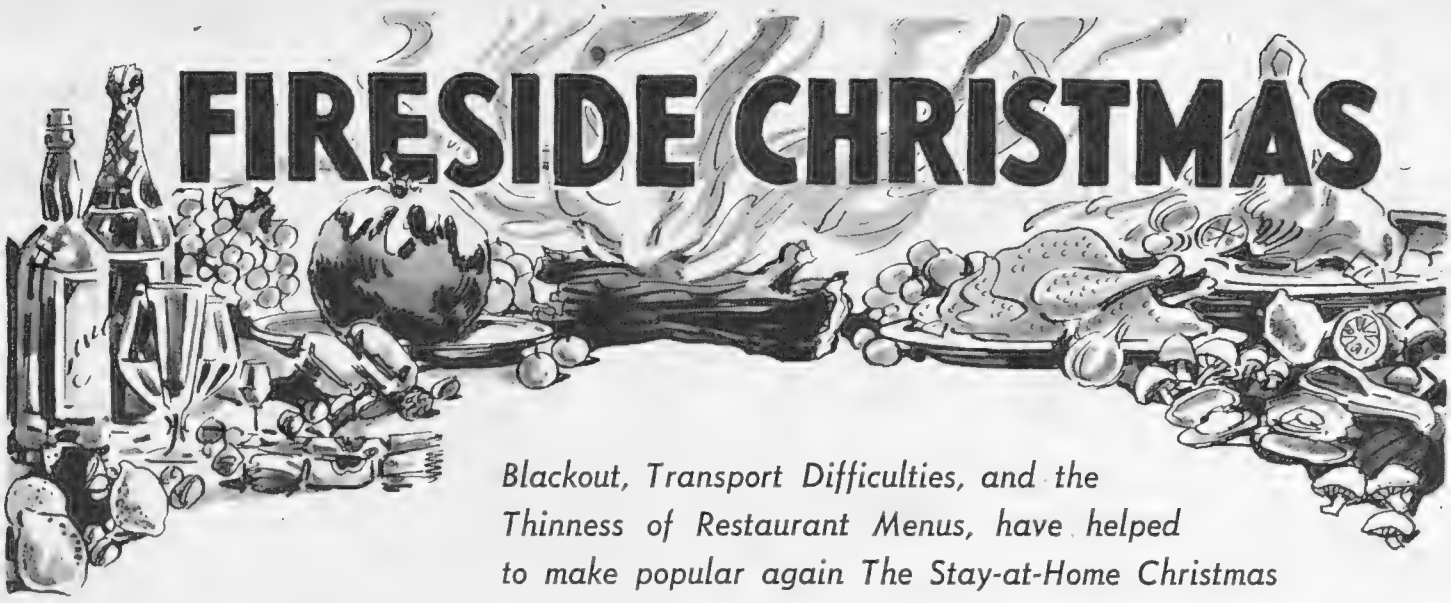
ROUND the corner three large gents were looking at a small skylight. It was set at the back of a jeweller's shop. Shorty cannoned into them. They looked at Shorty.

" He 'll do," they said.

(*Continued on p.* 54)

Shorty went on throwing, quicker and quicker, more and more. When the casket was empty, he turned to the basin and tilted that

FIRESIDE CHRISTMAS



Blackout, Transport Difficulties, and the Thinness of Restaurant Menus, have helped to make popular again The Stay-at-Home Christmas

By C. Patrick Thompson

FROM the foyer top step my old friend, the maître, looked into his huge amber restaurant, and sadly shook his head.

"For Armistice Night we need a room the size of the Albert Hall—bigger. But for Christmas Day, we shall be half empty unless bookings improve. I don't know what it is. We have oysters, turkey, wines, a band; but people stay at home—and it's not because the shops have a few more birds and dried fruits and the Food Ministry is handing out an extra half-pound of sugar. Well, maybe when it's all over people will come out again, as they did before the war."

Maybe. But maybe the wartime reversal of trend has come to stay. It was curious, the growing surge towards a restaurant and hotel Christmas in the years before Armageddon Number Two. I remember Arnold Bennett wrote a Sunday paper article about it. The ageing sybarite highly approved this social phenomenon. It was a sign that the English were learning the art of living. One ate better in a restaurant than at home. Besides, there were lights, dancing, people—the younger folk enjoyed the gaiety. Also, the servants were released from toil on Christmas Day (he forgot the restaurant workers!).

I mentioned this to the hôtelier, Harry Preston, that Xmas Day—the old *bon viveur*, so wise in the ways of life after his seventy-four Christmases, had gathered a dozen friends at his country cottage at Ainstye for his traditional pre-lunch party: champagne and biscuit. Nothing would have given him greater pleasure than to stay and eat his roast sucking pig and turkey at the big refectory table in the low-panelled dining-room of his retreat, and, over cigars and the Old and Bold, yarn the afternoon away while the oak logs burnt down on the iron dogs on the deep hearth.

But duty called him back to his hotel. It was full. Not his usual crowd. New people, and people he saw only once a year, at Christmastime. Why did they come? They came because their children were away, or they had no children, or they had no homes. "You'd be surprised, my boy, at the number of people who live in nice houses, but have no home."

Home life was undoubtedly declining in the 'thirties. People were increasingly restless, spoiled, aimless, empty. Many of them had lost the secret of making a satisfying home life. Pleasure, laughs, gaiety, happiness, lay in the magic world beyond the front door and on the far side of the garden gate. At home one could feast sumptuously, and cheaply, compared to restaurant Xmas charges; yet the hotel and restaurant Christmas was increasingly popular. Some would have spent Christmas on the dubious fare and bad liquor sold at exorbitant prices in a night club—and did.

THE trend has changed. Blackout, transport difficulties, the thinness of restaurant menus, take-it-or-leave-it attitudes, wines at fabulous prices, with champagne at 60s. to 105s. a bottle: these and like war factors have helped. But the main cause is undoubtedly more spiritual than material. Many people took houses and homes too much for granted. Bombs, and enforced absence on war service, have corrected that astigmatism. It will be long before hotel and restaurant again compete strongly with the home at Christmastime.

Not that we are yet in sight of the lavishness and light of the pre-war Christmas. Colonel Llewellin's concessions—an extra 8d. worth of meat, more dried fruits and oranges and dates, some more turkeys, and the etceteras which made news at the time—brighten Xmas only by measurement against the Spartan Xmases of war yesterdays. It's like being so used to jail that permission to exercise in the yard seems like freedom, or so accustomed to the blackout that the curtain-out looks like real light to those who've forgotten, or who never knew or can't remember, the light-glare of the old-time Christmas.

It's a spotty picture. The toy situation is better, the whisky and beer situation tighter; and grown-ups and children who clamour for Santa Claus, old-style, must remember that the war's not over yet. Santa isn't carrying sacks of fuel this Xmas. If you're short of coal, you must blame yourself for not saving up for Xmas; and if you try to blame officialdom because of those huge open-dump fires you've read about, well, you must remember that there's the labour problem, and the transport problem, and shifting that coal to your cellar earlier on would anyway mean such a lot of trouble to officials, upset the allocation-of-supplies scheme, and so on.

Fewer Santas will be visible because the Gift-bringer, driving down the sky from the North Pole behind his jingling reindeer team, needs a furred red robe. Robes need stuff, and stuff requires coupons. But a lady I know has her family Santa's robe all ready. It was one of her brother's two Home Guard battle-dresses. Dyed red, it serves. "The kids know that Santa Claus has changed his robe for a battledress because he has to drive through the (*Continued on page* 61)

On right: A Christmas family dinner party— 1844

It will be time for blind-man's-buff, for musical round games

ONE says: "It will all be the same in a hundred years." But one cannot say: "It was all the same a hundred years ago"—since it was very far from being the same.

Let us visualize that 1844 Christmas scene, not so very distant in actual terms of time, but a seemingly measureless span away from the run of things to-day.

The dining-room is, fittingly, the central focus of the perspective, where the two o'clock Christmas dinner (essentially the climax of the entire season) will unroll its ceremonies. Picture, then, the crimson flock wallpaper, the incarnadine Turkey carpet, the ornately framed ancestors and Highland cattle, the slippery, horsehair-seated mahogany chairs, the massive mahogany sideboard, shining with a galaxy of cut-glass decanters—Amontillado, Marsala, Madeira, Burgundy, claret and port.

Impressively, the table unfolds acres of elaborately patterned damask, set about with clusters of tumblers and wineglasses (some with green and with crimson bowls), with cruets at every corner; batteries of knives, spoons and forks; snowy table-napkins, folded into complicated fans or mitres; crossed ornamental silver spoons of no apparently useful purpose; heavily chased and embossed silver dishes filled with almonds, raisins and sweetmeats; and the tortuously convoluted, silver epergne, repousséd and engraved to within an inch of its life, without which no Victorian dining-table of standing was considered to be dressed.

Illustrations by Leo Bates

Around the tree's green tub lie the ribbon-tied gifts, to be ceremoniously bestowed on the family

The

Here—after grace—the company will enjoy a velvety giblet soup from the steaming silver tureen; an expanse of turbot in a waste of lemon slices and parsley, with creamy anchovy sauce and "floury" potatoes; roast turkey, supported by sausages, by veal and chestnut stuffing, by gravy, bread sauce and vegetables;

The carol singers, standing respectfully grouped round the open doorway

Christmas Scene—1844

By Wilma Buckley

mountains of mince pies and a flamingly brandied plum pudding of sable succulence; Stilton cheese and celery; and dessert—pineapple, tangerines, oranges, bananas, pears, apples, muscat grapes, dates and preserved plums, crystallized fruits and flowers, dried figs and sugared almonds and jars of ginger.

Here, the tartan-sashed children and grandchildren (seen but not heard, one presumes) will writhe with boredom as the long meal wends its seemingly endless way; here, the ladies of the family, rustling with every movement, in their ruched grey taffetas, braided green or puce grenadines and plaided moirés, will admire each other's Paisley shawls while listening with apparently rapt attention to their menfolk discussing the seasonable topics of the day at their leisure and pleasure, consciously safe from any inconvenient feminine interjections.

Beyond the chocolate-brown venetian blinds, the voluminously draped, fringed and tasselled red plush curtains at the windows, are the snow and the east wind, with "the poor" (very properly) in their place. Contributions have been made to a suitable number of doubtless deserving charities, the tradesmen and dependants have received their Christmas boxes; any thought of those in other stations of life may, therefore, comfortably be dismissed. Below stairs, in damp and dimly lighted passages and basement rooms are the servants, also in their place; no doubt humbly pleased at having been able to contribute to the success of their betters' festivities. But here in the dining-room, where the heaped-up fire blazes away in its polished brass and blackleaded setting ("Ring for more coal, Augustus!"), a pleasantly torpescent sense of well-being descends upon those gathered round the table—as well it may. All is ordered and serene for these fortunate ones in this year of 1844; stable, steady and secure, their world—as they know it—shows every indication of proceeding upon the same comfortable lines for ever. The young Royal Family is happy, successful and admired; the apotheosis of triumphant domesticity finally established as an example to all. Three royal children have already been born; the succession to the Throne is assured. The Whigs and the Tories are, at any rate, temporarily, refraining from wrangles and dissensions; the slave trade has been abolished; England has lately received friendly visits from the Emperor of Russia, from the King of Saxony and the King of France; and the great Industrial Age is well launched upon its way.

The curtain rises on another scene—the drawing-room on Christmas Eve. Here, the newly installed gaselier, porcelain-globed, dangles from the ceiling with a deadly glare, vying with the flickering firelight, with the sparkling, twinkling prisms on the mantelpiece's cut-glass candelabra, with the candles on the Christmas tree, an importation (we will not say from whence) favoured by the Prince Consort. Tinsel and tinselled stars and blown-glass icicles, silver and gold, and artificial frost and brilliant paper streamers make a colourful show; around the tree's green tub lie the ribbon-tied gifts, to be ceremoniously bestowed on the family, on visiting relatives and friends and on the staff (print dress-lengths for the maids). Colour, indeed, meets the eye everywhere: in the scrolled and flowered wallpaper, in the pinkly floral carpet, the embroidered bell-pull, the Berlin-wool worked firescreen and footstools, the glass-encased wax fruits, the vases of immortelles and tinted honesty and pampas grass; tartan ribbons, fluttering from garlands of holly and evergreens, are much in evidence. Ringleted little girls, in plaids unknown to any clan, eye the flaxen, Saxon fairy doll atop the tree, longingly but in silence; even the long-pantalooned or kilted little boys are repressively on their best behaviour — there is something curiously static about the scene when we look back at it with our kinetic vision of to-day; almost a suggestion of a *tableau vivant*.

The gilt clock under the glass dome on the mantelpiece chimes the hour; presently it will be time for blind-man's-buff, for musical round games, for a further frou-frou of rustling muslins and silks; time to listen, carefully wrapped in cashmere shawls, to the carol singers, standing respectfully grouped round the open doorway, cap in hand, sensible of the honour that is being bestowed upon them; time to climb the Gothic staircase, silver candlestick in hand, ready to be prepared by a good night's feather-bedded rest for to-morrow and to-morrow's feasting.

A Personal Check-up

Negley Farson,

in this article, explains why the People of a Country should be Consulted where its Foreign Policy is Concerned

MANY people who pride themselves on being political realists—and how they love that word!—are really nothing more than persons who refuse to believe in *ideas* that are at work *inside* organizations: such as the League of Nations, for instance. They refuse to recognize the fact that every idea must face the facts of life, and be warped by them. The opposite sect is that of the idealogues—people who are angry because the world won't accept their perfect solutions, as they see them. Between these two are the many millions of ordinary, and very often uninterested people, whose opinions are actually those which count most at election time.

To be specific: The League of Nations idea is condemned by the realistic school—because, that school insists, it could never be effective unless there is a real balance of power at its core; the thing they call the "nucleus of power"; i.e. three or four of the major nations, such as Britain, Russia, the United States—with, now, a fast-reviving France. And that until you can bring the four disparate foreign policies of these four major Powers into line, the League is a façade—covering up a real inability to agree on anything except minor points. Therefore drop the League of Nations idea, cut the cackle—and get down to the real, tough, and only problem—that of securing the maximum political agreement in the foreign ambitions and intentions of the four Big Powers mentioned.

That all sounds very sensible—and realistic. Its logic seems inexorable. But look at the other side: the idealists'. This school contends—and it has very good evidence to go upon: the long, painful struggle of historical progress—that what was really the chief thing lacking in the League of Nations was not the *idea*—but time. Time enough for the world to get used to thinking of solving international differences by international conference. And that, given such time, the League of Nations would have been accepted—and a success.

In proof of this, they cite the way the Japanese suddenly jumped into their expansionist policy on the Asiatic mainland—by beginning the Manchurian invasion in 1931-32. The Japs had long had this major aim in mind. They made one attempt, 1904, when they attacked the Russian fleet peacefully lying at anchor in Port Arthur harbour without warning, thus beginning the Russo-Japanese War. A perfect predecessor of Pearl Harbour, hoping to cripple your foe before you even declare war.

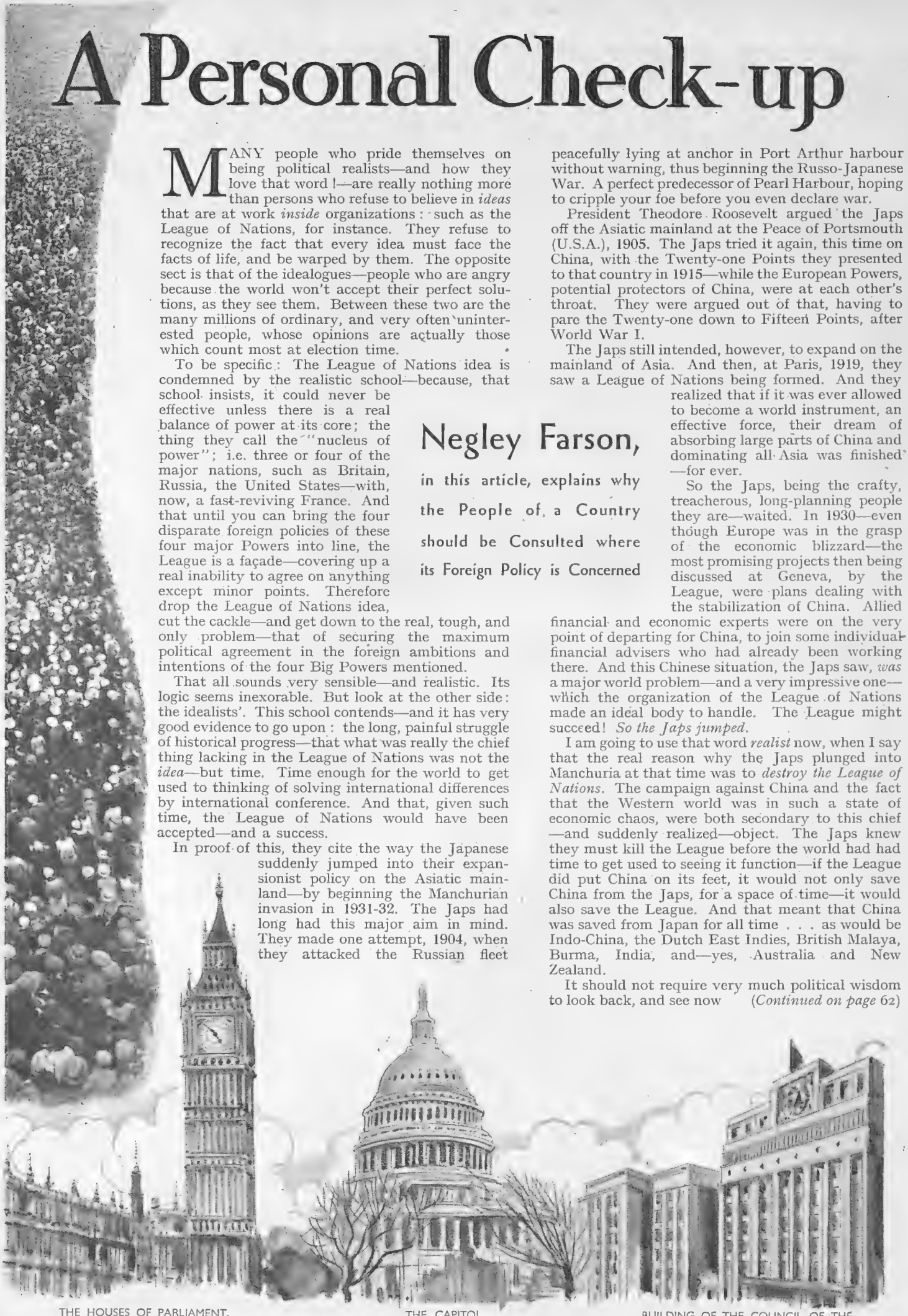
President Theodore Roosevelt argued the Japs off the Asiatic mainland at the Peace of Portsmouth (U.S.A.), 1905. The Japs tried it again, this time on China, with the Twenty-one Points they presented to that country in 1915—while the European Powers, potential protectors of China, were at each other's throat. They were argued out of that, having to pare the Twenty-one down to Fifteen Points, after World War I.

The Japs still intended, however, to expand on the mainland of Asia. And then, at Paris, 1919, they saw a League of Nations being formed. And they realized that if it was ever allowed to become a world instrument, an effective force, their dream of absorbing large parts of China and dominating all Asia was finished—for ever.

So the Japs, being the crafty, treacherous, long-planning people they are—waited. In 1930—even though Europe was in the grasp of the economic blizzard—the most promising projects then being discussed at Geneva, by the League, were plans dealing with the stabilization of China. Allied financial and economic experts were on the very point of departing for China, to join some individual financial advisers who had already been working there. And this Chinese situation, the Japs saw, *was* a major world problem—and a very impressive one—which the organization of the League of Nations made an ideal body to handle. The League might succeed! *So the Japs jumped.*

I am going to use that word *realist* now, when I say that the real reason why the Japs plunged into Manchuria at that time was to *destroy the League of Nations*. The campaign against China and the fact that the Western world was in such a state of economic chaos, were both secondary to this chief—and suddenly realized—object. The Japs knew they must kill the League before the world had had time to get used to seeing it function—if the League did put China on its feet, it would not only save China from the Japs, for a space of time—it would also save the League. And that meant that China was saved from Japan for all time . . . as would be Indo-China, the Dutch East Indies, British Malaya, Burma, India, and—yes, Australia and New Zealand.

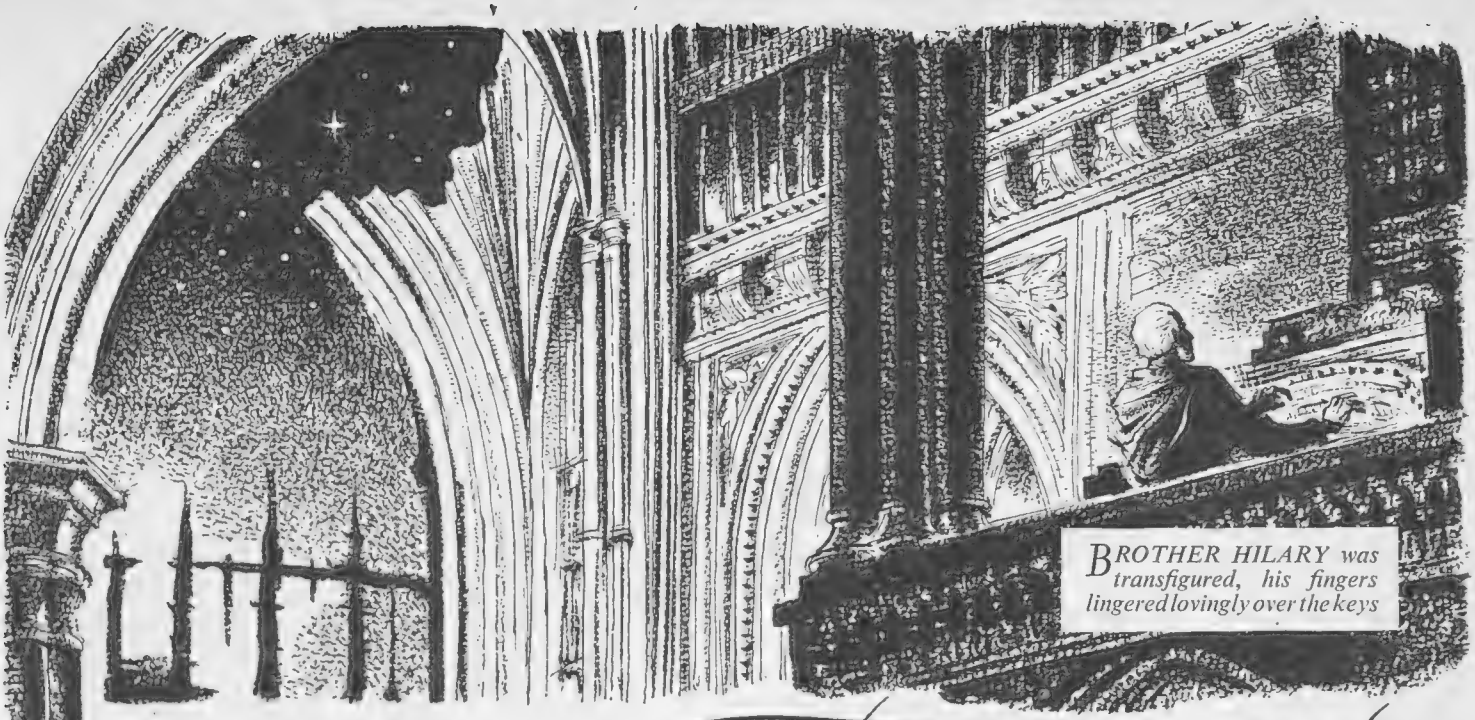
It should not require very much political wisdom to look back, and see now (*Continued on page* 62)



THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT, LONDON

THE CAPITOL, WASHINGTON

BUILDING OF THE COUNCIL OF THE PEOPLE'S COMMISSARS, MOSCOW



BROTHER HILARY was transfigured, his fingers lingered lovingly over the keys

Joy to the World

by LOUIS ARTHUR CUNNINGHAM

THROUGH the riven and battered roof of the abbey, through the hundreds of shattered panes in the lovely old windows, a torrent of organ music welled up to the starry sky; in full spate rolled out the *Gloria in excelsis* from the Mass of the Angels, then the sweeping rhythm of the Westminster Carol, then the thunderous triumph of Handel's "Joy to the World."

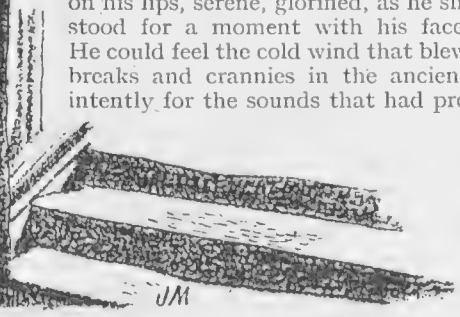
"Joy to the world," sang Brother Hilary at the console of the great organ:—

"Joy to the world,
The King has come.
Let every heart rejoice!"

Brother Hilary was transfigured, his fingers lingered lovingly over the keys, his face was uplifted to where, through the torn roof of the Abbey of St. Giles, the stars showed bright—so very bright—in the blue winter sky.

War had passed this way many a time and abbey and monastery and charterhouse showed a thousand scars of battle; many of the monks had gone freely to war and there was little now to keep the few who remained. But this was Christmas Eve and in a little while the Midnight Mass would be sung and the advent of the Prince of Peace be celebrated once again in this place where for five centuries and more His name had been glorified.

"Joy to the world," sang Brother Hilary as he finished his practice with a crashing crescendo like the sound of mighty seas against the Cornish cliffs. There was a smile on his lips, serene, glorified, as he slid from the bench and stood for a moment with his face raised to the stars. He could feel the cold wind that blew through the hundred breaks and crannies in the ancient walls. He listened intently for the sounds that had profaned the heavens so long, but to-night, on this beautiful night, there was no thunder of fighter-plane or bomber, no shriek of siren, no fire in the sky. "Only the music of the stars," said Brother Hilary. "Only the white fire of the Star of Bethlehem. Et in terra pax—and on earth Peace to men of good will. 'Joy to the world,'" hummed Brother Hilary, as he groped his way in the darkness down from the choir loft, "'Joy to the world, the King has come.'"

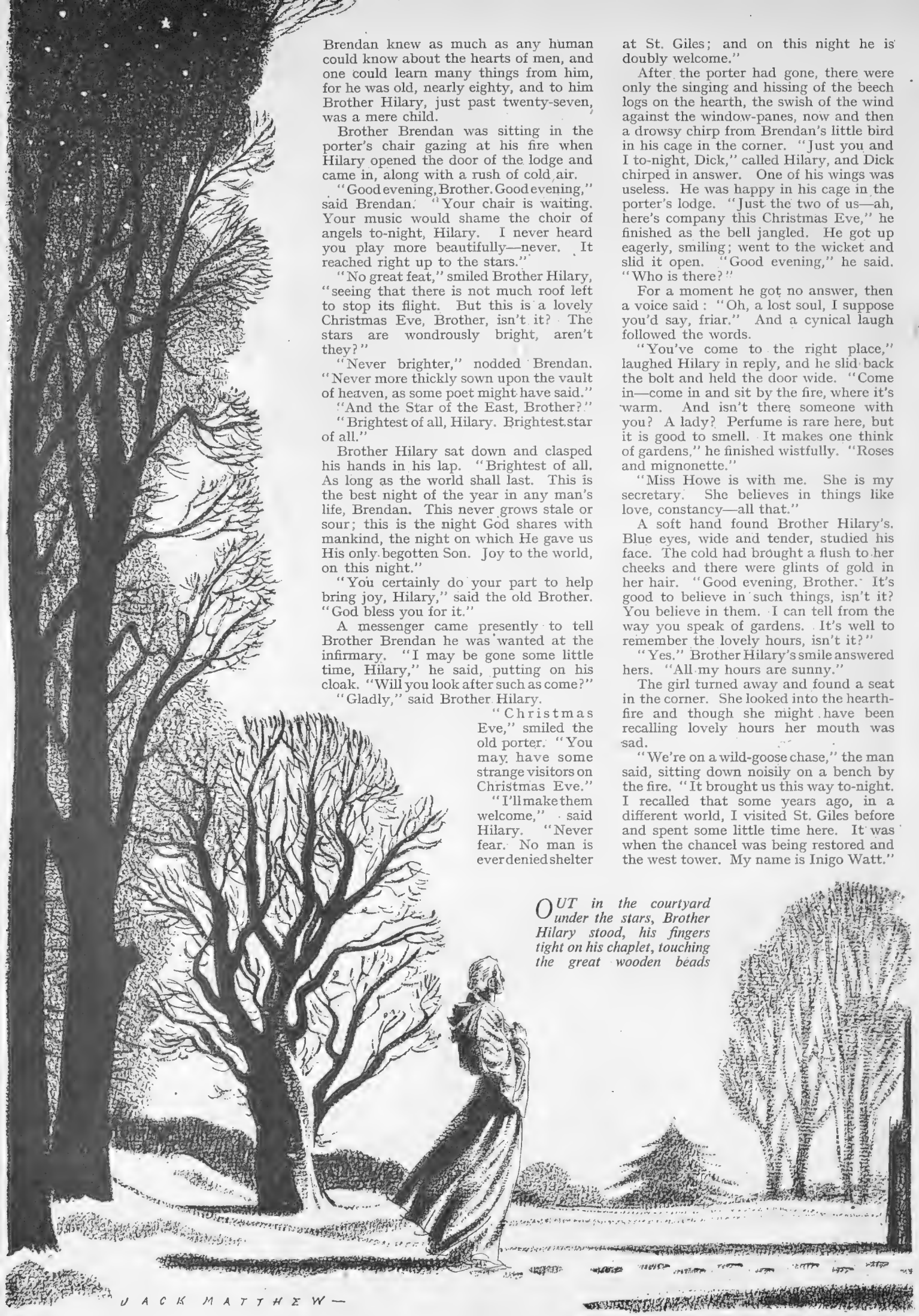


He was a young man, though his shaven head was snowy-white and premature age had made a strong assault on his good-looking face, but had failed to drive from it a boyish look, a hopeful, trusting, happy look. In the Monastery of St. Giles, in all the country round, Brother Hilary was beloved; the children flocked to him and he loved them all; they gathered about him like the birds around St. Francis of Assisi, with "Tell us a story, Brother Hilary! Tell us of the flaming chariot! Tell us about God and the little children." And strange, lovely tales flowed from Hilary's gentle lips as he sat in the monastery garden in summer or in the porter's lodge in winter with his little friends about him. The elders loved him too, for in the world of men this kindly monk would not be lost, but would hold his own with the best and strongest.

Out in the courtyard under the stars, Brother Hilary stood, his fingers tight on his chaplet, touching the great wooden beads, his lips shaping the words: "Pater noster—Our Father—Ave Maria gratia plena—Hail Mary full of grace——" The sharp boisterous wind whipped the skirts of his cassock about his thin body, but he faced it, loving the keen cold touch of it on his cheek, the little stinging needles of drifted snow from the fall of yesterday.

"A star shines bright over Bethlehem," he said. "A wondrous star which men beholding shall hail as the sign of the new-born Christ. Joy to the world!"

He walked slowly, limping a little, across the courtyard to the west gate, where stood the porter's lodge. Next to being at the organ he liked best to sit with Brother Brendan, the porter, before the open hearth in such weather as this and talk of the many strange visitors who had come and who still came to the Abbey of St. Giles, seeking food, seeking shelter, seeking solace, sometimes even seeking God. Brendan could many a strange tale unfold, of prince and pauper, knight and churl, who had rung his little bell and asked to be admitted. Ah, yes,



Brendan knew as much as any human could know about the hearts of men, and one could learn many things from him, for he was old, nearly eighty, and to him Brother Hilary, just past twenty-seven, was a mere child.

Brother Brendan was sitting in the porter's chair gazing at his fire when Hilary opened the door of the lodge and came in, along with a rush of cold air.

"Good evening, Brother. Good evening," said Brendan. "Your chair is waiting. Your music would shame the choir of angels to-night, Hilary. I never heard you play more beautifully—never. It reached right up to the stars."

"No great feat," smiled Brother Hilary, "seeing that there is not much roof left to stop its flight. But this is a lovely Christmas Eve, Brother, isn't it? The stars are wondrously bright, aren't they?"

"Never brighter," nodded Brendan. "Never more thickly sown upon the vault of heaven, as some poet might have said."

"And the Star of the East, Brother?"

"Brightest of all, Hilary. Brightest star of all."

Brother Hilary sat down and clasped his hands in his lap. "Brightest of all. As long as the world shall last. This is the best night of the year in any man's life, Brendan. This never grows stale or sour; this is the night God shares with mankind, the night on which He gave us His only begotten Son. Joy to the world, on this night."

"You certainly do your part to help bring joy, Hilary," said the old Brother. "God bless you for it."

A messenger came presently to tell Brother Brendan he was wanted at the infirmary. "I may be gone some little time, Hilary," he said, putting on his cloak. "Will you look after such as come?"

"Gladly," said Brother Hilary.

"Christmas Eve," smiled the old porter. "You may have some strange visitors on Christmas Eve."

"I'll make them welcome," said Hilary. "Never fear. No man is ever denied shelter at St. Giles; and on this night he is doubly welcome."

After the porter had gone, there were only the singing and hissing of the beech logs on the hearth, the swish of the wind against the window-panes, now and then a drowsy chirp from Brendan's little bird in his cage in the corner. "Just you and I to-night, Dick," called Hilary, and Dick chirped in answer. One of his wings was useless. He was happy in his cage in the porter's lodge. "Just the two of us—ah, here's company this Christmas Eve," he finished as the bell jangled. He got up eagerly, smiling; went to the wicket and slid it open. "Good evening," he said. "Who is there?"

For a moment he got no answer, then a voice said: "Oh, a lost soul, I suppose you'd say, friar." And a cynical laugh followed the words.

"You've come to the right place," laughed Hilary in reply, and he slid back the bolt and held the door wide. "Come in—come in and sit by the fire, where it's warm. And isn't there someone with you? A lady? Perfume is rare here, but it is good to smell. It makes one think of gardens," he finished wistfully. "Roses and mignonette."

"Miss Howe is with me. She is my secretary. She believes in things like love, constancy—all that."

A soft hand found Brother Hilary's. Blue eyes, wide and tender, studied his face. The cold had brought a flush to her cheeks and there were glints of gold in her hair. "Good evening, Brother. It's good to believe in such things, isn't it? You believe in them. I can tell from the way you speak of gardens. It's well to remember the lovely hours, isn't it?"

"Yes." Brother Hilary's smile answered hers. "All my hours are sunny."

The girl turned away and found a seat in the corner. She looked into the hearth-fire and though she might have been recalling lovely hours her mouth was sad.

"We're on a wild-goose chase," the man said, sitting down noisily on a bench by the fire. "It brought us this way to-night. I recalled that some years ago, in a different world, I visited St. Giles before and spent some little time here. It was when the chancel was being restored and the west tower. My name is Inigo Watt."

OUT in the courtyard under the stars, Brother Hilary stood, his fingers tight on his chaplet, touching the great wooden beads

JACK MATTHEW—

"Oh!" said Brother Hilary. "This is wonderful. This is a real Christmas treat to have you here. I'm very new at St. Giles, but often and often I've heard the older men speak of you, the greatest ecclesiastical architect of our day—and greater, they claim, than even Wren himself. I've seen some of your churches—at St. Botolph's, at Malmsbury."

"All that, as I said, Brother, was in a different world, and that Inigo Watt is dead."

"How, dead?" asked Brother Hilary softly.

The dark man's eyes seemed to burn and glow brighter than the fire at which he stared. "Dead in the ruins of the churches he built, the abbeys he restored, and in the ruins of his own home, along with his wife and children. I've lost all."

"No," said Brother Hilary. "Oh, no. You have suffered, Sir Inigo; but you haven't lost all."

The wild eyes looked at Hilary with something near to contempt. "What have I saved, Sir Monk?"

"Surely your faith in God and His goodness. Surely the power to do great work in the restoration of the things you built and loved."

"Restore them for what? For another generation to smash and shatter? No, I tell you—no!"

"Other men have reared high towers, lovely places, and peopled them with loved ones, and seen them smashed and ruined; lesser men than you, and have not lost faith."

"What do you know about it, Brother—here, in this sheltered place? You never had home or wife or little ones to love and cherish. You do not know whereof you speak."

Brother Hilary smiled. "Perhaps not. Still I hope that on this night you will lose some of your bitterness. This is the loveliest night in all the year. Aren't the stars brighter to-night than ever, and the Star of the East—doesn't it shine over all the world?"

The burning eyes softened a little, their harsh fire dying, as Inigo Watt looked at the smiling placid face of Brother Hilary.

"Yes," he said. "Yes, Brother, the stars are very bright indeed to-night."

"I know," nodded Brother Hilary. "I know."

"What do you do here?" asked Inigo Watt, and his voice was kindly now.

"I play the organ."

"And you're happy?"

"I'm very happy. Shortly there will be Midnight Mass and I shall play." And he hummed "Joy to the world."

Margaret Howe cried; then smiled through her tears.

"Joy to the world!" said Sir Inigo. "God help us all!"

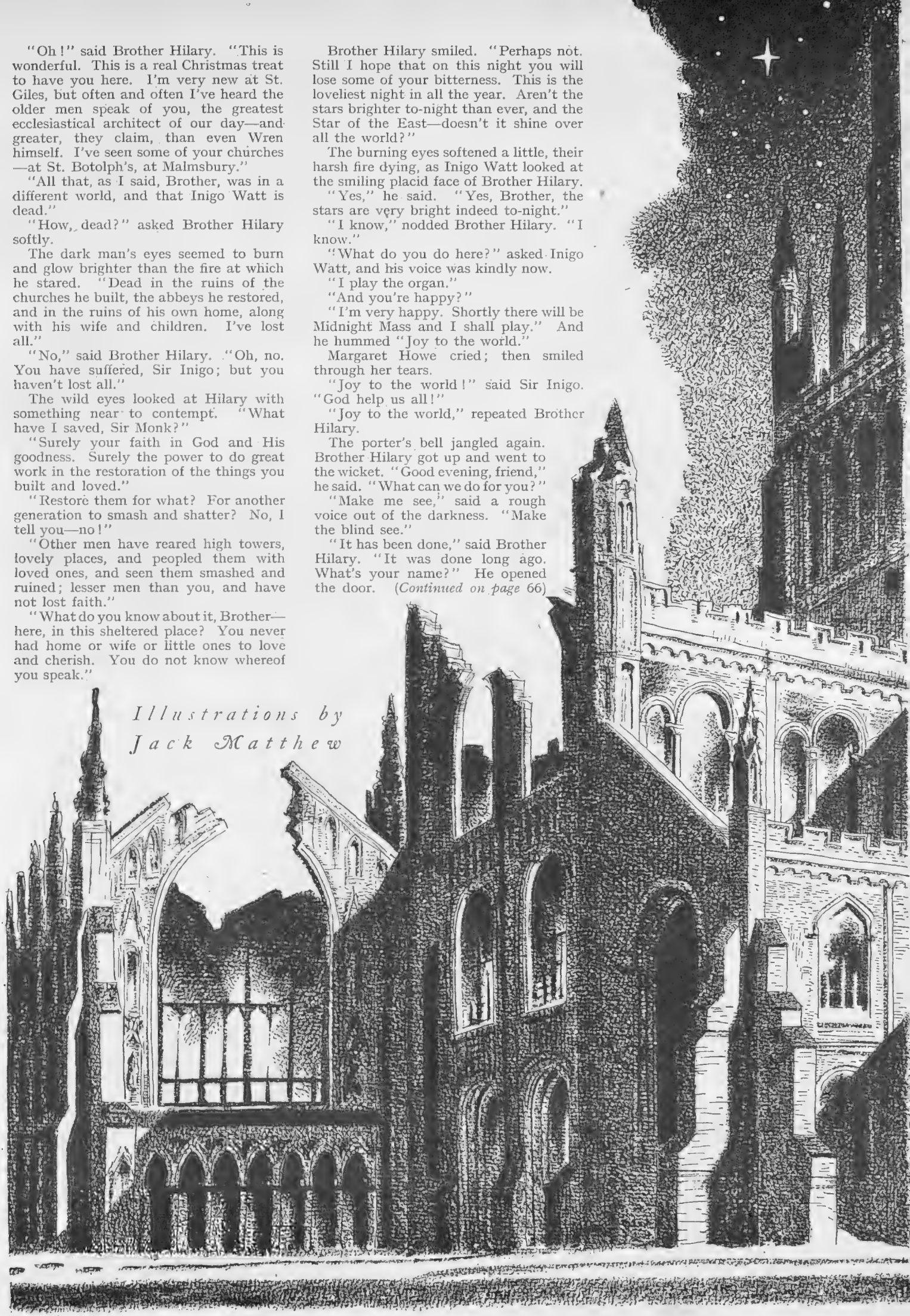
"Joy to the world," repeated Brother Hilary.

The porter's bell jangled again. Brother Hilary got up and went to the wicket. "Good evening, friend," he said. "What can we do for you?"

"Make me see," said a rough voice out of the darkness. "Make the blind see."

"It has been done," said Brother Hilary. "It was done long ago. What's your name?" He opened the door. (*Continued on page 66*)

Illustrations by Jack Matthew



The Magic of Snow

By Frank W. Lane

"HAST thou entered into the treasures of the snow?" The question is as old as the book of Job and reminds us that as long as man has been able to think he has been entranced by the magic of snow.

What exactly is snow? It is the result of the crystallization of the water vapour in the air into geometrical forms. If a snow crystal is examined under the microscope it is found to consist of an intricate but symmetrical pattern having six sides or points. Some of these designs are of great beauty and have suggested patterns to various art workers.

Almost as soon as a snow crystal reaches the earth its individual beauty melts away and it becomes merged in the great snow cover which carpets the countryside. However bleak and bare the prospect before a snowfall, afterwards the magic beauty of the snow transforms the scene into one of romance and delight.

1. *Covered in a mantle of white. A view of St. Moritz, the famous Swiss winter sports resort*
(Swiss Federal Railways)

2. *An example of a rare snow form, and perhaps the most interesting of all, is the "snow roller," the name given to cylindrical masses of snow, like outsize Swiss rolls, which very occasionally are seen lying in hundreds on a flat expanse of snow*
(U.S. Weather Bureau)

3. *An excellent photograph of another snow phenomenon, known as "snow garlands"*

Very occasionally snow plays queer tricks with itself. Sometimes many snow crystals adhere to form an "aggregate." Then "snowflakes" may fall as large as saucers! At other times red dust in the air mixes with the snow and red snow falls like congealed blood on the earth. Yellow snow has also been reported.

Unusual atmospheric conditions will sometimes form what meteorologists call "snow garlands." Snow garlands are generally seen hanging festoon fashion from a window ledge, the top of a fence or the branch of a tree. The garland is supported only at each end.

How does this seeming miracle of a rope of sand, ice sand, come about? The full process is not known for certain, but it appears to be somewhat as follows. The garland begins as a strip of snow lying along a narrow supporting surface such as a window ledge or branch of a tree. Then a gentle thaw sets in so that the snow becomes wet but does not drip with water.

The surface tension of the suffusing water film binds the snow crystals together so that they form a *(Continued on page 64)*

Old Tales Re-told

Christmas With Charles Dickens

Written and Illustrated by **F. Matania, R.I.**

THE vicissitudes through which this unfortunate world has passed since time immemorial have had an inevitable influence on many of the traditional festivities, observed in their various ways, by all mankind. Wars, social upheavals, plagues and all kinds of calamities have subdued, and in many instances completely destroyed, some of the characteristic customs and innocent merry-making so dear to our ancestors.

Yet the Christian world in general has never allowed an adverse fate to interfere with the celebration of Christmas. Though it is true that in many parts of the globe the festivity has lost much of its early splendour. Especially can this be said of the Catholic world, in which time has gradually modified many features of the festival which once glittered with the luxuriousness inherited from the Romans. But the humble, domestic Christmas has survived everywhere, under all conditions, especially in England.

It can safely be stated that one of the happiest periods of the English Christmas was the one that followed the upheaval of the French Revolution, the conquests of Napoleon and the climax of Waterloo. The long tension to which many countries had been submitted had a natural reaction in the revival of the pleasant things of life. In England, where the peace-loving Victorian statesmen kept her skies free from war-clouds, our great-grandfathers celebrated Christmas in all its glory and with all the characteristic features which we still cherish. On our greeting-cards we love to depict the classic setting of the old days: the mail-coach and cape-coated postilions, ancient inns on country roads, Cruikshank types of carol-singers with mufflers and lanterns outside a cottage covered with snow. This is the sort of thing that best conveys to our minds the spirit of Christmas, immortalised by Charles Dickens and celebrated by him so eagerly in his private life.

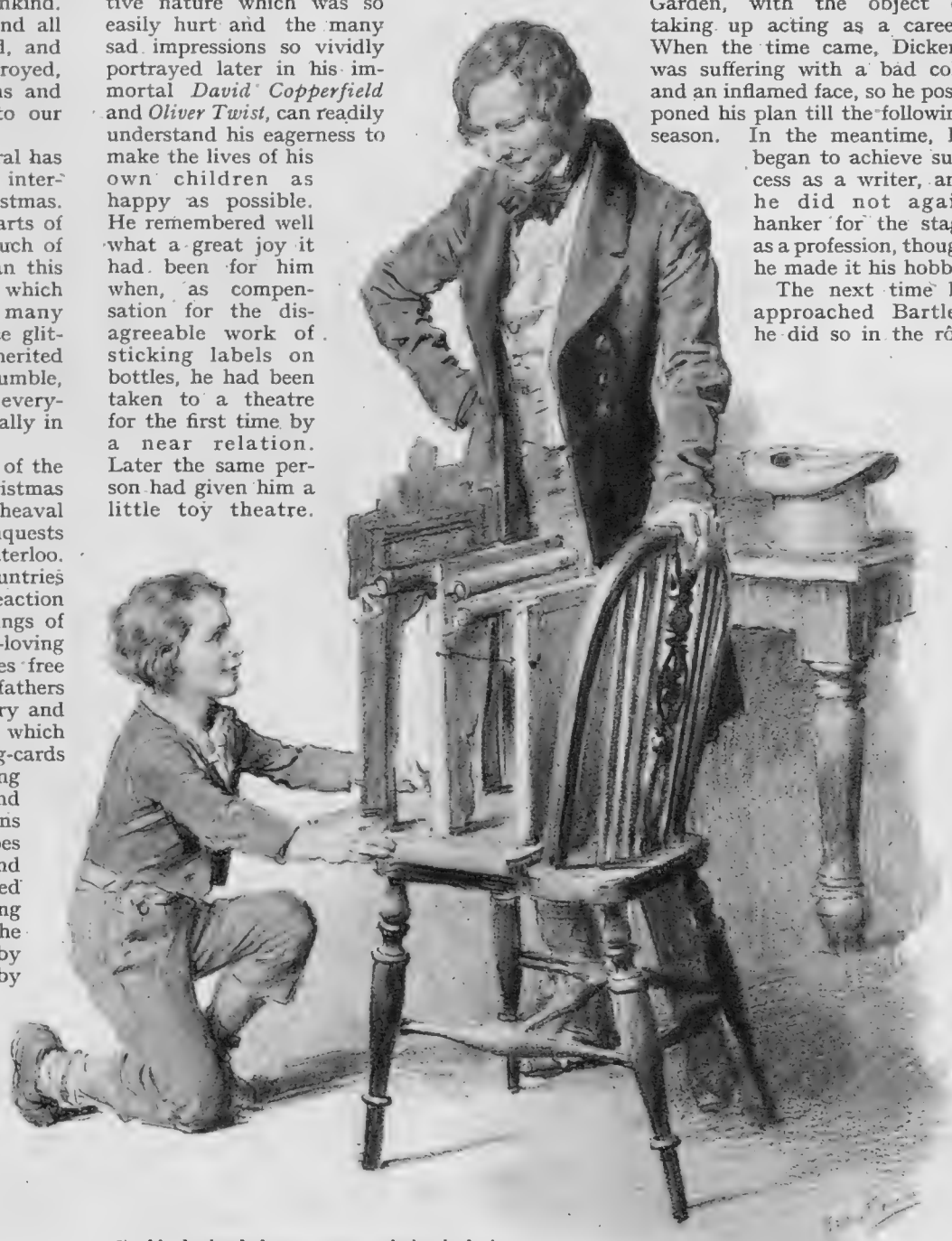
In his *Life of Charles Dickens*, John Forster expresses our own opinion when he says: "He had identified himself with Christmas fancies. Its life and spirits, its humour in riotous abundance, of right belonged to him. Its imaginations as well as its kindly thoughts were his, and its privilege to light up with some sort of comfort the squalidest places, he had made his own."

Let us focus our attention on a few episodes connected with Dickens, his hobbies, his Christmas theatricals, his children and some aspects of his adventurous life.

All who are acquainted with the depressing conditions of his childhood, his struggle to bring to his poor home a few shillings a week, his sensitive nature which was so easily hurt and the many sad impressions so vividly portrayed later in his immortal *David Copperfield* and *Oliver Twist*, can readily understand his eagerness to make the lives of his own children as happy as possible. He remembered well what a great joy it had been for him when, as compensation for the disagreeable work of sticking labels on bottles, he had been taken to a theatre for the first time by a near relation. Later the same person had given him a little toy theatre. His love of the theatre was born there and then, and flourished all through his life. Many people believe that if Dickens had not been a writer he would have been an actor, so strong was the appeal of the stage.

While quite a young man, dissatisfied with his temporary work as a reporter, he applied for an interview with George Bartley, the manager of Covent Garden, with the object of taking up acting as a career. When the time came, Dickens was suffering with a bad cold and an inflamed face, so he postponed his plan till the following season. In the meantime, he began to achieve success as a writer, and he did not again hanker for the stage as a profession, though he made it his hobby.

The next time he approached Bartley he did so in the rôle



In his boyhood days, a near relative had given him a little toy theatre, and Dickens's love of the theatre was born there and then

of dramatist, reading to him some of the lines of a farce he had written. Bartley failed entirely to perceive the embryo of the greatest humorist of the century. Dickens, however, was undismayed by his failure, and rewrote the farce as a story, which he called *The Lamplighter*.

Three years before, in 1836, when he was twenty-four years old, he had married Catherine Hogarth, the eldest daughter of one of his colleagues in journalism. She was only twenty, and they made a handsome couple. The fashions of the time added to their picturesque appearance. Dickens wore his hair long, round his neck a huge cravat; while his wife's delicate face seemed aptly framed in luxuriant bunches of curls. By 1839 he was already the father of a boy, Charles, and two daughters, Mary and Kate. Mary was the image of her father, while Kate was a second edition of her beautiful mother. His increasing success allowed him to build a comfortable home and to fill it with many luxuries, especially at such times as birthdays and Christmas celebrations.

In 1836, when he was twenty-four years old, Dickens married Catherine Hogarth, the eldest daughter of one of his colleagues in journalism. She was only twenty, and they made a handsome pair

As soon as his children were old enough to walk, he took them every Christmas Eve to a toy-dealer in Holborn, where they all spent many happy hours examining the tempting exhibits. He bought toys not only for his own children, but also for their little friends, and the great writer was no less interested than they in the fascinating things which he had never been given when he himself was a child. He even found a way of giving Christmas treats to the three pets which were so important a feature of his household—Grip, the raven, immortalised in *Barnaby Rudge*; the goldfinch, which had learned how to haul his drinking-water from a small glass well by means of a thimble on a tiny chain; and Dick, the canary.

Dickens believed that nothing could give greater joy to his children than the theatre, and therefore he made Christmas the occasion for an entertainment to which his family and friends all contributed, he himself being actor, author and organiser. From their earliest years the children acted in plays adapted for them by their father. Costumes were made, regardless of labour or expense, and rehearsals started months before the great day.

As soon as his children were old enough to walk, Dickens took them every Christmas Eve to a toy-dealer in Holborn, where they all spent many happy hours examining the tempting exhibits

There is a drawing by Daniel Maclise, R.A., which shows four of Dickens's children, evidently attired for a play, since Charles is dressed as a lady in evening dress and little Walter is wearing a wig and an enormous musketeer's hat with an ostrich feather.

Christmas of the year 1843 brought great rejoicing to the family. The first edition of *A Christmas Carol*, published a few days before December 25, was sold out to the last copy in a single day.

The following year Dickens was in Italy, busy writing his impressions, amongst which the most remarkable was that of Venice. But in one of his letters to his old friend Forster, he could not refrain from mentioning how much he had missed the enjoyment of Christmas in England. The Italian theatre in its various forms impressed him deeply, but he was most enthusiastic about the marionette shows, about which he wrote again and again: "It must be seen, it must be seen!"

ANOTHER interesting trip he made was to Switzerland. In a letter to Forster, he said: "And now I will describe modestly, tamely, literally, the visit to a small select circle which I promised should make your hair stand on end." He goes on to describe, in his inimitable way, a party of American ladies, beautifully dressed in low-cut evening gowns, with short sleeves and rich crinolines, smoking cigars and cigarettes and puffing out clouds of smoke in the manliest fashion.

To the Victorian mentality, this was the most appalling outrage on the dignity of the fair sex!

Towards the end of 1846, three carriages might have been seen on the road from Switzerland to Paris. One was loaded with luggage, a second with five children and the third with the rest of the party. With such primitive means of travel, it was no small enterprise to go about the world in such a crowd; but nothing ever discouraged Dickens, who could not conceive of any pleasure unshared by his

Dickens had the large schoolroom at Tavistock House, in Tavistock Square, transformed into a theatre, a stage was built and scenery was painted by Clarkson Stanfield, R.A., and W. Telbin

family. He included them in all his contacts with the great figures of international society. On one occasion Alexandre Dumas gave a dinner for the entire family.

Back in London, Dickens resumed his theatrical activities. The stage had an irresistible attraction for him. His friends eagerly awaited his return, for his travels had interrupted a series of plays in which he had scored successes. *Every Man in His Humour*, at Fanny Kelly's theatre in Dean Street, in which he had played the part of Bobadil, had provoked insistent requests and rich profits for charity. With renewed energy, he plunged into fresh schemes. After playing at Manchester and Liverpool, Dickens put on *The Merry Wives of Windsor* at the Haymarket Theatre.

In the last year of his life, Dickens was received at Buckingham Palace by Queen Victoria, and in exchange for an autographed set of his works, she gave him a book, written by herself and inscribed to him, with the remark that "the humblest of writers would be ashamed to offer it to one of the greatest"

It was here that Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort applauded for the first time the versatile author, in the rôle of Justice Shallow. Later they did so again at Devonshire House, where Lytton's comedy *Not So Bad as We Seem* was performed before her Majesty.

But Dickens's greatest enjoyment was derived from the plays he presented when he took Tavistock House, in Tavistock Square. There the large schoolroom was transformed into a theatre, a stage was built and scenery was painted by Clarkson Stanfield, R.A., and W. Telbin. In these productions, Dickens was aided by his partner and friend Mark Lemon, whose children completed the company of youthful players.

In a letter, Dickens describes the constructing of the theatre for one of his Christmas shows thus: "You would be surprised by the look of the place. The sound in the house reminds me, as to the present time, of Chatham dockyard; as to a remote epoch, of the building of Noah's Ark. Joiners are never out of the house, and the carpenter appears to be unsettled (or settled) for life!"

It was towards the approach of Christmas that the real theatrical season opened in 1854, with the production of *Tom Thumb*, followed by *Fortunio*. Dickens and Lemon both took part in Fielding's burlesque, the former as the ghost of Gaffer Thumb and the latter as the Giantess Glumdalca, but the children scored the greatest success and delighted their audiences. It must be noted that the people who crowded into the small theatre were not only children, but included some of the most illustrious men of the day. The stern Carlyle was an enthusiast, while on one occasion Thackeray was reduced to such helplessness by fits of laughter that he fell off his seat.

The proceedings of these Christmas entertainments were not limited to plays. Dickens displayed yet another side of his amazing versatility by performing conjuring tricks, with such skill that they baffled the closest observation. Playing-cards leapt out of a closed box, a marked shilling dropped upon a pyramid of locked boxes passed through them all. He would borrow a watch from a member of the audience, lock it in a box and then produce it from the middle of a loaf of bread, or would bring out a pudding from an immaculate silk hat without doing it the least damage. These and many other tricks left his audience spellbound and delighted. And so, year by year, the Christmases passed until the children were children no longer. But their growing-up was not the only reason that put a stop to the traditional celebrations in Dickens's home.

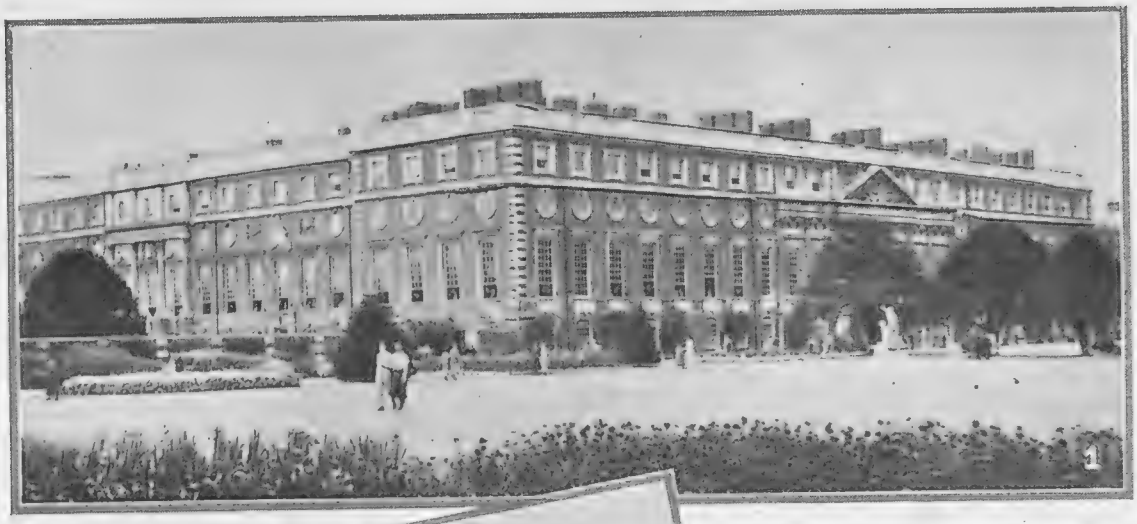
IN August of the year 1857, he put on a play, previously performed before Queen Victoria in London, in which he and his two daughters and his son had appeared. Thinking that the voices of the two girls would not carry in so large a hall as the new Free Trade Hall at Manchester, he replaced them with professional actresses chosen from Charles Kean's company of the Royal Princess Theatre, in Oxford Street. These were the good-looking Mrs. Ternan and her two daughters, Maria and Ellen. Dickens rehearsed them for three days in their parts. The auditorium was completely filled and the profits for the memorial fund exceeded all expectations. But the sudden interest Dickens took in Miss Ellen Lawless Ternan, described by his daughter as "the small, fair-haired actress of no special attraction save her youth"—she was only eighteen—proved a less happy augury. To quote from Gladys Storey's book *Dickens and Daughter*, the effect was tragic, "not only for himself but for his whole family, since the consequences arising out of it hung like a threatening cloud over their lives, and remained suppressed and hidden in their breasts till the end of their days."

Nevertheless, despite his troubled serenity, Dickens strove to live his normal life. He kept up his acting and gave public readings of his works, sustained as always by the loyalty of his public.

In the last year of his life, he was received at Buckingham Palace by Queen Victoria, and in exchange for an autographed set of his works she gave him a book, written by herself and inscribed to him, with the remark that "the humblest of writers would be ashamed to offer it to one of the greatest."

It was an ironical stroke of fate that the theatre, which had been the cause of so much innocent joy to the Dickens family, should also have been the indirect cause of its dismemberment and despair.

Charles Dickens never recovered from the loss of this happiness; nor was he able to reconstruct for himself another such environment. Many of the joys of life became for him only a memory, among them the unforgettably happy Christmases at Tavistock House. [END]



1. *Hampton Court Palace, the scene of so many royal tragedies. Among the apparitions said to roam the apartments and corridors is that of Mistress Penn, foster-mother of the boy who became Edward the Sixth*

2. *Burton Agnes Hall, near Driffield, where some years ago a malevolent ghost was "laid" by fulfilling the requirements of an old will*

3. *East Riddlesden Hall, Airedale, which was acquired by the National Trust in 1934, has an allegedly haunted room*

4. *Watton Abbey, East Yorkshire, a mansion reputed to be haunted by a ghostly lady and her child*

Haunted Homes of England

By Arthur Turner

EXACTLY why Christmas should be regarded as *the* season for ghosts, and why more spooky tales are told in connection with Yuletide than with any other annual festivity, is difficult to determine. Nevertheless, many such tales persist, and modern science seems utterly to have failed in eradicating them.

Christmas, it seems, is still the time to go wraith-hunting, and even in quite recent years new scope has been provided. Scepticism finds a strong challenge in some of the stories reported fairly recently.

In 1923, an event of great interest to historians and ghost-hunters alike took place at the market town of Ripon, Yorkshire. It was the formal opening of the old Wakeman's House after its restoration. This old, half-timbered building, overlooking the market square, was the home of the original Ripon Wakeman or Mayor, Hugh Ripley, but for many years it was thought that the house dated from only the seventeenth century.

Then, in 1922, experts discovered that the structure was, in fact, 400 years older than they had thought! The seventeenth-century timbered front hid thirteenth-century features. Restorations were carried out, and a ceremonial reopening was arranged, during which the City Horn was blown outside the house, as was customary in medieval days.

A big crowd assembled to witness the event, and a startling climax is said to have occurred. As the last penetrating note of the horn echoed across the market square, several onlookers pointed at the top window. A figure in old-time costume, they said, had suddenly appeared there.

The incident has created a belief that the Wakeman's House is haunted by the wraith of Hugh Ripley, and thus there has been given a new opportunity for ghost-hunting. Other notable figures associated with this house included Charles the First, who stayed there as a prisoner while on his way to London for trial. Earlier, Henry the Fourth fled to Ripon when the plague swept London, and he was the Wakeman's guest for a time.

Rarely, of course, is a ghost reported by several people simultaneously, as this Ripon wraith was, but apparitions are said to have presented themselves before a smaller number of persons at several places, during comparatively recent years. Bolton Hall, near Bolton Abbey, Wharfedale, for instance, is a place towards which Christmas ghost-breakers might profitably turn attention.

The late Lord Halifax, indeed, showed great interest in this wraith, for he was keenly interested in all ghost stories. The most detailed account of the Bolton Abbey wraith has been given by the Duke of Devonshire, on whose estate the abbey and Bolton Hall, together with the rectory, stand.

It was in 1912, when he was the (*Continued on page* 61)

A Fitting Match

Pride Blinded and Confused Olivia and Nearly Wrecked Her Marriage

By Sylvia Streeten

THE guests agreed that Olivia looked radiantly lovely, her brown eyes shining, the white veil enhancing her warm colouring; and that Derek Sheridan, a viking figure, six feet two in his well-cut khaki uniform, was a fitting match for her.

At the gathering in her flat, the bride moved with shy graciousness among her friends. Of course, they said, chatting to each other, Olivia's home was in India, which accounted for her being so quiet and reserved; she had told them nothing of Captain Sheridan except that before the war he was planting rubber up-country in Malaya and got out just in time.

The bridegroom made a somewhat disjointed speech in reply to one from Dr. Bardwell, the best man, and afterwards it was remarked that the doctor glanced at him in a speculative kind of way and turned to Olivia. "I should keep my eye on that man of yours for the next day or so!" he said, in passing. She was reading a telegram and looked up inquiringly, but the doctor had moved away.

There was a cable from Olivia's father: "For better or worse little daughter blessings—Fa." That was like Fa, District Officer in the wilds of the Punjab, a stickler for the sanctity of the pledged word. There was a message from Janet, who cared for Olivia when as a grave, motherless child she came home to school. Olivia gathered up the sheaf of telegrams and put them in her suitcase.

Their friends clustered round the door to see the young couple off, and as they drove away in the doctor's car Derek Sheridan laid his hand on his bride's: it was hot and dry and gripped hers suddenly. "Happy?" he said.

Her smile implied: "You know I am!"

"Not afraid of me any more?"

"No—yes—I don't know! Do you realize that six weeks ago we were strangers?"

"We couldn't waste this fortnight," he said. "I had to be sure of you before the regiment goes overseas."

She snuggled up to him. "Your wife's a tiresome sort of person, inarticulate, full of false pride."

"Very difficult!" he murmured against her hair. "Her husband's an awkward kind of cuss, too, but he loves her."

His lips sought hers, his encircling arm grew heavy; there was an unnatural brilliance about his eyes and she was aware of the laboured beating of his heart. Against her will, Olivia recoiled a little. He let down the window noisily to breathe deeply of a rush of fresh air.

The car drew up at the hotel. "Let's have a sherry before dinner," he suggested, and piloted her into the cocktail lounge.

She sat down and pulled off her gloves—how painfully new her wedding ring was!—and glanced at Derek, a head taller than any one else, talking to the barman. Afraid of him? Of course not. It was just that . . . well, it was a pity they knew so little of each other's background, family home. Courtship had been swift and short, love at first sight and the turbulence of the time swept them precipitately into marriage.

He came back with two sherries. "Here's to my wife!" The hand that raised his glass shook slightly.

"To my husband!" The words were lost as his glass crashed to the floor to lie in jagged splinters between them. He said nothing, but pushed them under the table with his foot, and Olivia forced a

DR. BARDWELL turned to Olivia. "I should keep my eye on that man of yours for the next day or so," he said

smile and finished her sherry, though there seemed to be an obstruction in her throat.

IN the hotel bedroom with sombre curtains and plush-upholstered furniture, Olivia laid out bowls and bottles, unpacked silk garments and shook out her evening gown; in the dressing-room on the opposite side of the bathroom Derek was jerking open cupboards and drawers. Shall I go and unpack for him? she thought uneasily. Something wasn't quite right, they were behaving like strangers.

She put on the white tulle frock with close-fitting bodice and billowing skirt. The colourless material, relieved by a single orange rose at the shoulder, deepened the golden satin texture of her skin and her hands moved caressingly over the soft folds that flowed down her body. In a minute she would call her husband, perhaps he was waiting to be called. A fluff of powder, a touch of perfume on the rose, and she was ready. "Derek!" she called in a little-girl voice he adored. "Dar-ling!"

There was no answer. Quietness flowed back and over her like a wave.

She laughed, nervously. He had gone to order a table for dinner—get an evening paper—hear the six o'clock news! It was crazy to imagine she had noticed a subtle change in his face and manner, his whole bearing, since they left the flat, but—"I should keep my eye on that man of yours for the next day or so"—what on earth had Dr. Bardwell meant by that?

The outer door of the dressing-room opened abruptly. She heard the squeak of a drawn cork and liquid poured into a tumbler. Sitting motionless before the mirror, she dug her nails into her palms. Why couldn't she speak? Why was her mouth dry as ashes?

There were sounds of the click of a suitcase lock, a door slammed, and footsteps retreating down the corridor. She pressed a hand over her mouth to stifle a cry: "Where have you gone?"

Gone? But that was fantastic. She ran into the dressing-room; stared, amazed at the empty room; spun round, searched the table, cupboards, drawers. Derek's belongings had been packed and removed. But he must have left a note! He must have given some reason for walking out! she thought wildly.

There was nothing. He had simply disappeared.

She walked into the bathroom, took up the tumbler on the glass ledge—could not identify the spiritous scent—went back to her room and, shivering, lit the electric fire.

At length a maid came in to turn down the bed and draw the curtains. "You are not dining to-night, madam?" she said.

"No—yes—I think so," Olivia said, and reached for her fur.

In the restaurant she chose a table, gave her order with composure, afterwards had coffee brought to the lounge. There, an orchestra played. Couples drifted in, murmuring, shoulder to shoulder or gay and excited, swaggering past to the divans. The languorous strains of a Strauss waltz rose and fell, reaching

down to the quivering nerves of the girl who sat alone.

The nine o'clock news was turned on. The announcer's voice, smooth as butter, informed an expectant world of developments on the fighting fronts and ended with two police messages. "Missing from her home since Friday. . . . In mistake for quinine a chemist's assistant. . . ." It was switched off, Olivia rose, and crossed the lounge. A low-spoken remark whipped the colour to her face: "What frozen beauty!"

Frozen. Love and faith were frozen. In the square ugly bedroom the white frock fell to her feet, her dark head sank, and the barrier of pride restraining her wounded love went down.

Before breakfast next morning she paid the hotel bill and returned to her Kensington flat. The daily woman had tidied up since the wedding party—was it only yesterday?—but the stuffy atmosphere unused rooms manage to generate within a few hours, and pale daylight struggling through rain-flecked windows, were infinitely depressing.

Shock to the girl's self-esteem had been severe and she shrank from curious inquiries, inevitable if she remained alone in the flat during her supposed honeymoon. She must get away. Janet, a widow now, took paying guests in her Worcestershire cottage. Olivia sent her old nurse a telegram, instructed the post office to forward letters, and phoned for a taxi.

Slipping her key into the front door preparatory to locking up, she thought of Dr. Bardwell, with whom Derek stayed when on leave. Could he explain her husband's desertion? She stepped back into the hall, lifted the receiver and dialled. "Is Dr. Bardwell at home?" she asked.

A manservant answered, No, Dr. Bardwell had been at a case all night and had not yet returned.

"Is"—Olivia paused and steadied her voice—"is Captain Sheridan there?"

"Why, no, madam. Captain Sheridan got married yesterday."

"Thank you: no message," she said, and put back the receiver.

IN the late afternoon Olivia arrived at Bronsmoor, a village nestling below the Clent hills. From the summit you looked across five counties; on one side a pall of smoke lay over the black country; on the other, lush fields and valleys of Shropshire made startling contrast. Janet, a little greyer, a little stouter, met her at the cottage gate. "I thought you were married yesterday, child!" she exclaimed.

"I was."

"Why are you here? Where's your husband?"

"I don't know," Olivia said.

Janet clicked her tongue incredulously but aware of Olivia's shaky control, drew her into the red-tiled kitchen and brought boiled rain-water for her to wash in. The child's confidence could never be rushed, she recollected.

A week passed but Olivia failed to confide in her old nurse. She was restless and her eyes grew heavy from lack of sleep. A recurring thought drummed in her mind: Could she, to a determined seeker, have covered her tracks completely? In two days' time she would be back in breeches and gaiters, on a Sussex farm, and Derek would have rejoined his regiment. Tossing and turning in the hours of darkness, the façade of injured pride behind which she was entrenched shook before a rush of bitter longing and broken dreams.

She sat one evening with Janet in the kitchen. It grew dark, the oil lamp was lit, and Olivia glanced at a faded patch of wall above the mantelpiece. "Nanny, where's your cuckoo-clock?" she asked.

"Gone," Janet replied, "to the dogs."

"The dogs?"

The old woman nodded. "George was a good husband, except for the dogs. I'll allow I was hurt when he took the clock you gave me, but he always paid his debts, was most partic'lar about that, and you have to take (*Continued on page 56*)

Illustrations by Albert Bailey

FOR a moment they stared at each other silently

FIELD MARSHAL MONTGOMERY. Will he recede into a post-war orthodox military background?

ANEURIN BEVAN, M.P. An explosive force uncomfortably attached to a rigid caucus

EMANUEL SHINWELL, M.P. A Socialist who is always "listened to on the other side of the House"

New Men In Europe

Personalities Who Have Come Up As New Forces Since 1939

By Ferdinand Tuohy

ONE cry arises in common from Europe: for new men with a new outlook. It is as insistent here as in lands riven by the Nazis but is unlikely to be as radically met in a Britain less attained in the vitals. Or the new men may arrive more gradually here. At any rate a first instalment of names can already be made out. So why delay? Assuredly a lot of others have yet to be revealed. The preliminary list is at least sufficient to fix the type of man that is being thrown up by the tides of war and liberation.

As for qualification, these men need not have been unknown in 1939. But they must have come up as new forces since then, and be of such texture in the minds of their countrymen that they cannot fail to attract the notice of foreigners too.

ILYA EHRENBURG. An outstanding Russian publicist of the war: denies preaching vengeance

Over my foreign selection I'm scarcely bothering, for you don't know any more than I do, probably less. With the home list, however, I felt it wise to buttress myself by consulting some of my colleagues. And here, to begin with, is the result of that consultation:

Montgomery, who may finish as F.M. the Earl of Hammersmith but will remain "Monty" and is likely to leave an impress on the country beyond that of Chief Scout, though this post might appeal to him sartorially. I do not insinuate that he will have you smoking and sipping furtively, doing forced physical jerks, living in caravans and using biblical language; rather that he has got something classless about him and suggests the straight, true drive to the goal of all-round social fairer play. And can he put himself over!

Ernest Bevin. New? No. And sixty-seven and none too hale at that. But there's no denying that Ernie has come forward as a big fellow during times that have seen advertisement-nurtured Labour colleagues wear thin. "The other Bevan" and his adversary, Hogg, were both picked by Fleet Street.

GENERAL DE GAULLE. A dominant type who finds it necessary to adapt himself to international politics

Aneurin helped himself forward by his dead set at Mr. Churchill, yet in that he was doing no more than copying Lloyd George of forty-five years ago. An explosive force tied to a caucus, Ni Bevan is at home in revolutionary times. His handicap is that an occasional explosive wrongness (as with me over de Gaulle) is apt to linger longer than less likeable wrongness.

Hogg's elocution and assurance frighten me; but, as someone said, "There'll have to be a young Tory-top."

Shinwell was a general choice "for soundness," but after him the pauses lengthened. One or two spoke up for foreign service Macmillan. Fun and games were had with Joad and Beveridge, the latter of whom is credited with intending to shine in Parliament and outside, as a political *prima donna*. Other thoughts wandered to South-East Asia and came back with that brilliant lad, Frank Owen.

And so abroad.

Belgium shows four newcomers: de Laveleye, Demets, Marteaux and Demany. The first started the V business from London and with his voice a household quantity is the right man to be Minister of Education in a language-split land. Demets is Shell but progressive. Marteaux is a doctor in charge of Health and the first Communist in office, and Demany head of the Independence Front.

Italy started by reclaiming a septuagenarian trio in Sforza, Croce and Bonomi. The last played in the famous golf match at Cannes, with Briand, Lloyd George and Riddell, which lost the Frenchman his Premiership. Bonomi lashed out in morning suit and top-hat, left-handed and divot-drunk.

However, the new men in Italy, as indeed almost everywhere and 'tis useless hiding the fact, are from the quite Left. There's the Communist Minister, Palmiro Togliatti, or Ercoli, returned after twenty-three years' exile in (*Continued on page* 66)

MAURICE THOREZ. Much disputed Secretary General of the French Communist Party

EELCO VAN KLEFFENS. Netherlands Foreign Minister: has forthright views on Western European security

MARSHAL TITO. The leader of the Partisans and biggest thing out of the Balkans since Venizelos

STANISLAW MIKOLAJCZYK. The Polish Premier in London. A man of balance where it is sorely needed

A Drama In Real Life

A True Story of An English Family

By Eric Baume

Illustrations by Edward Osmond

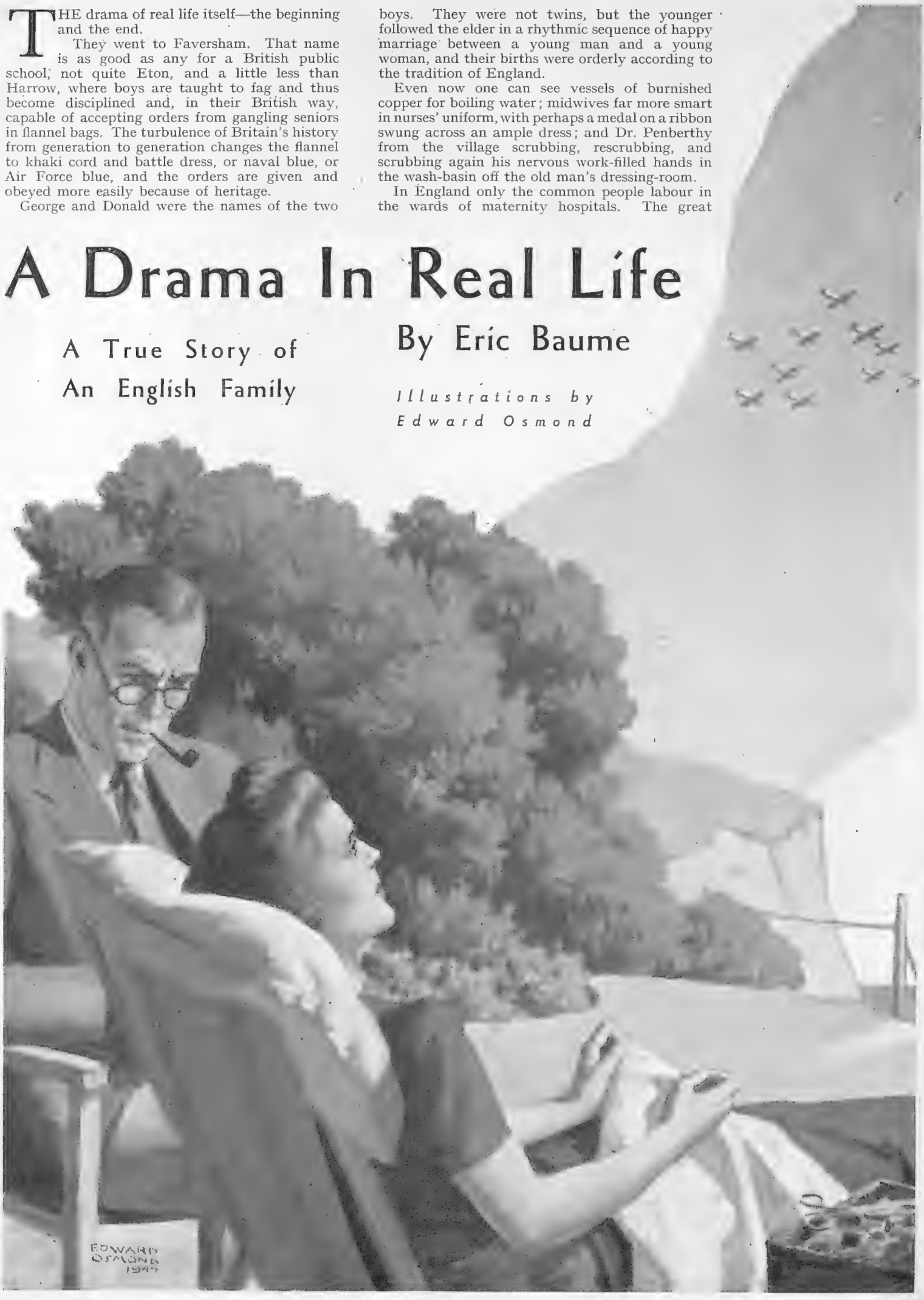
THE drama of real life itself—the beginning and the end.

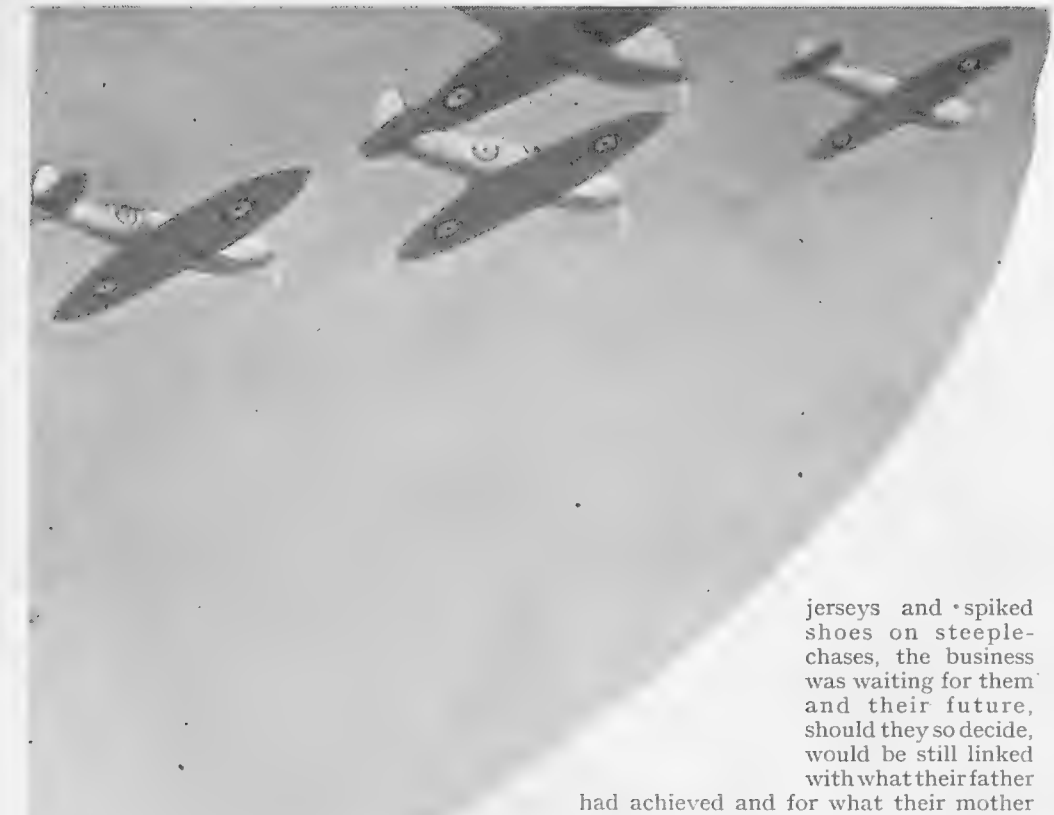
They went to Faversham. That name is as good as any for a British public school, not quite Eton, and a little less than Harrow, where boys are taught to fag and thus become disciplined and, in their British way, capable of accepting orders from gangling seniors in flannel bags. The turbulence of Britain's history from generation to generation changes the flannel to khaki cord and battle dress, or naval blue, or Air Force blue, and the orders are given and obeyed more easily because of heritage.

George and Donald were the names of the two boys. They were not twins, but the younger followed the elder in a rhythmic sequence of happy marriage between a young man and a young woman, and their births were orderly according to the tradition of England.

Even now one can see vessels of burnished copper for boiling water; midwives far more smart in nurses' uniform, with perhaps a medal on a ribbon swung across an ample dress; and Dr. Penberthy from the village scrubbing, rescrubbing, and scrubbing again his nervous work-filled hands in the wash-basin off the old man's dressing-room.

In England only the common people labour in the wards of maternity hospitals. The great





THE mater developed rheumatoid arthritis in her left knee early in June. She found, sitting on the lawn in the afternoon, that the pain grew from a dull ache to a blinding throb as the planes went over

section of upper middle-class, apart from Lord Basil this, or Lady Jane that, produces its sons in its own bedrooms, seeing as it lies, through the tight-closed window, the sweep of a down, the green glint of a coppice, the English sky, the English fields, a hill, or the red smear of sunset.

London had no attraction for the old man, the mater, George or Donald. They lived on the coast, south, off that ugly holiday track where fish and chip shops put up signs about the Riviera, and caravanserais of charabancs read advertising hoardings as a study.

The old man found material comfort before the boys finished their prep. school, and by the time they were running up Hunters Hill in football jerseys and spiked shoes on steeplechases, the business was waiting for them and their future, should they so decide, would be still linked with what their father had achieved and for what their mother prayed.

In September, 1939, they lay on a lawn which nature had carved from a tiny headland. Each was at Oxford. One rowed; the other boxed, and with his boxing, flew. For even the Germans did not know how many young Englishmen and Englishwomen paid visits by Moth from aero club to aero club; drank tea at Lincoln in the morning, had lunch at Worcester, and in the afternoon ate currant cake at Salisbury, with a cocktail or two thrown in later before the flight to the home aero club in the long summer evening.

For George and Donald the green lawn was a loadstone. Lying by their mother's great canvas deckchair in the sunshine, as Turner, the maid, brought lashings of tea at five, they talked of the happiness of their past and the hopes of their future that no one could ever wreck; and their mother, looking straight out from the lawn to the beach and to the English Channel, silently hoped that the line of their living should not be broken.

Usually at five the old man would wander back, to throw down his golf bag, or possibly something he had shot. He could neither play golf nor shoot with any degree of efficiency, and he expected both George and Donald to pull his leg unmercifully at his every appearance. Then the three of them would cuff each other, and roll on the lawn, until the mater in a fine frenzy of false protestation would beg them to remember the servants.

Below the lawn was a sandy beach, with very few pebbles. An English beach could usually have been designed for the training of Indian fakirs who, after lying for a stretch on the polished stones, could without pain stretch themselves on fiery spikes, or lie without motion on stinging nettles for any given period.

There was an old stone pier, roughly built by some old smuggler of a century before, jutting out into the little cove which was their property. The iron rings on it, rusted, barnacled, had the tang of seaweed on them. The launch which rested in the newer boathouse was called the *Zephyr*. It was a long dinghy with an outboard, but it could wander round to Jenkins' Rock, and past the other cliff to Philips' Cove.

Trees grew at the borders of the lawn, making a natural amphitheatre for an eternal family drama—drama in the Greek sense, not in the manner of a plotted play, in which life, death and laughter were mixed in a pottage by a penman.

These simple English folk, moneyed beyond want, found their temple within the lawn, and the beach, and the house high up behind. When the first day of university vacations began, the boys would be at home. The lunch, or the dinner, or the tea, which met them would be ceremonial. The tennis court to the right of the house would never be empty. Two bronzed fellows would breakfast in their bathing trunks, to their mother's consternation; and the sun would go down as though the old man had ordered it to do so, with perfect regularity, to his good content.

They left for the R.A.F. in September, 1939, from the lawn. George, rather more sombre than usual, went along to the boathouse to say good-bye to the outboard. Donald, for some reason, held his mother's hand, until his father and not she trumpeted through his nose and coughed from the tear-ducts.

They were at Seclin in France together in the winter of '39, when Cobber Kane held the headlines, and Fairey Battles served as bombers for a struggling R.A.F. One of them flew for a moment over Dunkirk. And then they settled down, with occasional letter-writing to the old man and the mater, to the re-birth of the Royal Air Force, the Battle of Britain, and the hope of the world.

By the time the first bombs had dropped three miles from the house in August, 1940, George had become a squadron leader, Donald a flight lieutenant. They were not decorated. They were ordinary fellows. Occasionally they got leave from some outlandish station, and they fought their way through fogs and snow and winds and blitzes, if only to shiver for a moment in winter on the same lawn before they had to go inside for tea. They did not talk of anything but the things of which they had talked, for that was their way of disguising their English feelings. When rations became scarcer and there was little butter in the biscuits, or the scones as they called them, they would abuse gently old Mrs. Turton, the cook, until their mother would protest and their father would call them cads.

When in June, 1943, British Spitfire boys and American fighters joined in majestic sweeps across the Channel, their route could have been regarded as one which used the gables of the house as a landmark. They streamed across in the morning and the evening. In the sunshine on the lawn the parents sat and watched, high up, the vapour trails, but did not discuss the operation in more than general conversation.

The mater developed rheumatoid arthritis in her left knee early in June of this year. The doctor said it was the war—something to do with lack of something in something. "It's them dried eggs," said Mrs. Turton, "lack of vitaweets"—and they left it at that. The mater found, sitting on the lawn in the afternoon, that the pain grew from a dull ache to a blinding throb as the planes went over, but she did not tell the old man because it sounded too silly.

On August 20 George was reported

missing after a sweep over Le Havre. Donald got himself forty-eight hours' leave, and sat by the tea-table on the lawn overlooking the cove, until he rose and put each of his arms around the parental shoulders.

"The groupie doesn't shoot a line," he said, "he's always got the gen. Old George is probably all right by now. Actually, he may have been picked up already by the French underground; they're all getting out, you know. Peter Lindsay got out two weeks ago—came over in a fishing boat."

The old man gripped his pipe. "You really think there's a chance?"

"Ra-ather, sir," said Donald. "And you know, mater, old George knew plenty about Spitfires. They always said he could get out of the inside of a spin without disturbing the parting of his hair."

The three of them laughed then, and because they did not want to notice, neither of the men saw the trembling edges of the laugh upon the mother's anguished lips.

Suddenly she turned, and looked seaward. She tensed. She tried to turn from her looking, but could not. Down by the first iron ring on the stone jetty she saw something, lifting easily in the surfless gurgling of the beach-edge water. The old man was alarmed. "What's the matter?" he said. She did not answer him. Perhaps it was the first time in their thirty years of marriage she had ignored him, for she loved him and he was part of her.

"Donald," she said, "I want you to go down to the beach, and I want you to tell me what you have found."

He ran down. He stood for a second where the rime forms irregular patterns on the darker sand. He fell on his knees because he could not stand up, just for the second. Then, his face white and his eyes blazing, he returned to tell his mother that George had come home, across the Channel.

I TRIED for nearly four weeks to persuade this family to let their name be told to the world. Politely they would have none of it. The only departure from the English standard of unemotional emotion was that the mother asked permission of whatever civil servant was there to give it, to have the body of her son buried in the lawn before the house, looking over the cove.

There the grave lies. By it, the family talk and have their afternoon tea, and nurture the flowers which never leave it.

There is nothing macabre or gruesome about their attitude. Donald is still alive, and now he is a squadron leader, with the D.F.C. thrown in. The house has not been damaged by bombs, and the launch with the outboard is still in the boathouse waiting for the peace. When peace comes, the whole family will be at home again.

END

DONALD got himself forty-eight hours' leave, and sat by the tea-table on the lawn overlooking the cove, until he rose and put each of his arms around the parental shoulders

CHRISTMAS BOXING

Hunt down your white elephants. Pretty gee-gaws, mirrors, picture-frames; pictures, vases, evening bags, pieces of lace, unused make-up, book-ends. . . . Give them to appreciative friends.

Do not hoard any longer your adolescent prides of knife, paint-box, scout or camping equipment, satchel or haversack, that first manicure set. Someone must be of an age or mind to enjoy these things whose enjoyment you have outgrown.

Make gifts out of unrationed materials or your old materials. You can get a soft leather skin from most stores that will make bags, belts, compacts, slippers, waistcoats, gloves.

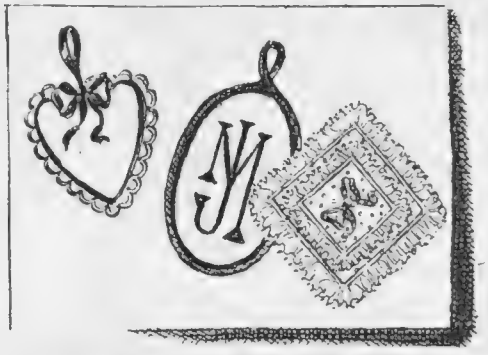
You can knit ankle-socks, gloves, scarves and slippers out of odds-and-ends of wool in bright colours. You can knit shopping-bags in string, friction face- and body-flannels. An old linen sheet, dyed and tricked up with lace edging, can make tray-cloths, doilys, luncheon sets. An old chintz curtain can make linen bag, make-up hold-all, sponge bag, tea-cosy, apron, peg- or knitting-bag, household working gloves, coal-mitt.

Unrationed coarse net can make a snood ; fine net can make cuffs and collars, flower posy, sleeping net, evening blouse. Give the making's of these gifts, if your receiver is clever-fingered and has more time than you.

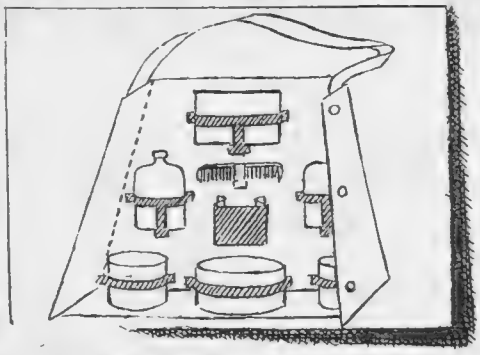
We are compiling a Christmas shopping-list that will give you the latest December news of what you can get by post, a small selection covering most types of gifts. Send for it if you cannot shop personally. And, as always, give Savings Certificates and stamps.

Half-a-yard of 54-in. spotted net (unrationed) makes this pretty sleeping-cap. Take the length—18 ins.—and gather it tightly at one end. Slit the other end to within 5 ins. of the gathering, which forms the front. Cross ends at back, bring forward to tie in front. For the sleeping-gloves, trace a roomy hand-shape on some old sheeting, cut out and stitch around in contrast thread, which should be matched for the ribbon to tie at wrist.

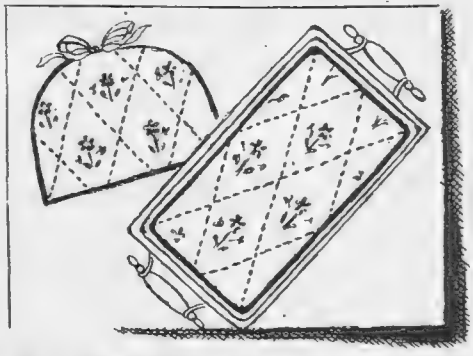
Felt, suède or leather can be made into many attractive belts, always acceptable as embellishments of a wear-weary wardrobe. This belt has been gathered in equal sections and the gathers held by tiny contrast buttons in fancy bow shapes ; but the whole belt, or each alternate section, could be studded. If you have no old buckle to use, hooks and eyes will fasten the belt.



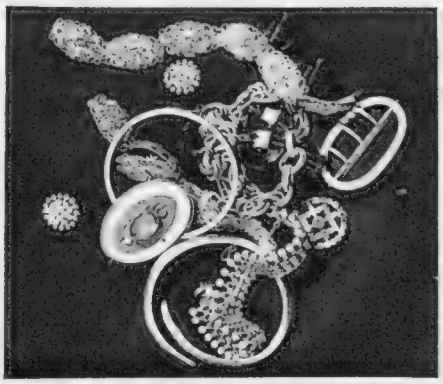
Organdie, silk, lined net—all can be used to make these cute herbal sachets. Pack the sachets with moth-destroyer, or the heart-shaped one with sawdust for a pin-cushion. Pretty and practical for feminine Christmas stockings.



Chintz, stiffening, press-studs to fasten at sides and top, make this make-up case. The front, top and flap piece are not drawn so that you can see the fittings. The two small sides are cut separately, stiffened and stitched at the joints.

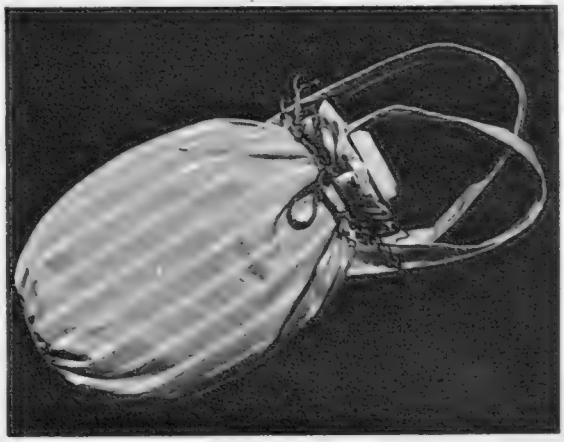


Old chintz will make the most attractive teapot-cosy and tray-cloth for the morning breakfast-in-bed tray. Contrast bindings and ribbons are a delicate decoration. If the recipient keeps chickens, an egg-cosy could complete the set.



Here is a treasure-trove from the attic, several exciting gifts for feminine friends and relatives. Bangles, ear-rings, buckles, necklaces—you may never have worn them, or your great-grandmother may have done so endlessly.

A cover for the prettiest and latest type of stone hot-water bottle, made out of striped chintz and gathered at the neck with cord or ribbon. Matching handles go through two holes below the neck.



I'M DREAMING OF A

WAR Christmases have had their compensations. We made them do. Getting along without things was fun. Up to a point. Being with people who were far from those they cherished, helping them over, was satisfying.

There were some good reunions too. I remember, gratefully, one Christmas Day with *his* unit, recalling our old Christmases, laughing it off with beer out of tin mugs, a jingle-jangle piano with four notes missing and fat pork sandwiches from the cook-house.

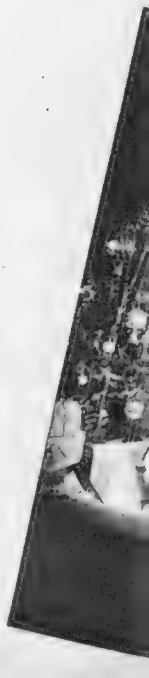
These have been things to remember, but as the sixth war Christmas comes along, it is not the past we are thinking of. It is the future. Although it is early days, I find I 'm dreaming of a right Christmas.

A subtle blending of Dingley Dell and the latest achievement in comfortable housing will provide the setting for this party. The Christmas-tree will sparkle through the shining window-pane and the yule-log will crackle on the open hearth, but there will be central heating, and the hostess will prepare the Christmas roast in a kitchen far removed from Dingley Dell. Note that I am cooking the Christmas roast myself. My dream Christmas is presided over by a composed and unfatigued housekeeper-hostess, abetted by a cooker which does everything but speak and all the rest of the kitchen magic which creates the illusion that the work is doing itself.

A small house it may be, but designed for hospitality and the personal tastes of those who live in it. Mass production, standardisation, is all right. It is essential and we must have more of it, but it is not going to squeeze the soul and the individuality out of my home.

CHILDREN will help to make my dream Christmas authentic and provide the alibi for the lovely Christmas nonsense—snapdragons and whispering up the chimney, the tree, the hanging stockings.

These will be children to whom war has restored the precious gift of appreciation. They will have eyes that shine at simple pleasures, that goggle at nuts and bananas and the twinkling candles on a Christmas-tree. They will not be the bored and critical young sophisticates of the pre-war days. They will be little boys open-eyed to a future worthy of their manhood, and little girls to whom



RIGHT CHRISTMAS

By Winifred Lewis

the world ahead holds free and limitless opportunities to fulfil themselves, not only as women, but as citizens of the world.

I want old friends and new at my right Christmas. Men in civvies. Leaner, tougher than they used to be, savouring the warmth and plenty, the security and homeliness of reunion with a keener relish, discarding, but not forgetting, the past that has made it possible.

Women in pretty clothes will be there, thrilling to the feel of silk and security. The room will house, not heroes, not heroines, but ordinary people who can think and plan as human beings should who have defeated the worst that fate can send. There will be no useless regrets, no restless yearnings for the unattainable.

My right Christmas must materialise in a world of goodwill mixed with practical action, a world where men who can invent ingenious weapons of war can turn their genius to making wonderful improvements for the home, so that women will have the leisure to be beautiful and attractive, and to acquire the intellectual poise and self-understanding which lead to happiness. I want it to be a world free from drudgery as the penalty of family life, a home in which four walls do not cut women off, but give them shelter, fulfilment and excitement too.

PERHAPS I am too exacting, but let me have men at my right Christmas who are more understanding of their women. A short, compulsory course on feminine psychology for every returning husband would fix it. Let us destroy the ancient, fatuous illusion that women are difficult, hard to handle. Let us start our new world with men who are prepared to give as much attention to understanding their women as they are to weighing-up the next election prospects or mastering a golf stroke.

Let there be women at my party who look beautiful and talk sense and are kind to each other. Give me the people who have made goodwill and good living a matter of intelligent thought and who apply it in their smallest personal contacts. I mean men and women with good manners that extend to shop assistants and the nearest members of the family, people who wear the conventions of civilisation with conviction, not as a dress uniform for social occasions.

For this right Christmas let there be food: the turkey and the fragrant ham; the dates and oranges and the iced cakes. Give us the good, hearty, traditional British food and, for perfection's sake, add some of the more æsthetic dishes of other nations. And wine in crystal glasses, please: good wine which will teach my palate to respond again.

Yes, I 'm dreaming of a right Christmas in a right world. A dream world now, perhaps, but for all that a possible, practical world which, in the future, can be brought to fulfilment by people who are prepared to work and plan selflessly. We have fought for other ends. We have proved our mettle and we can prove it again, for this is worth fighting for.

CROSS CABLE SWEATER

MATERIALS REQUIRED

8 ozs. of William Briggs' "Melody" 3-ply; 2 buttons; one pair of No. 9 and one pair of No. 12 needles.

MEASUREMENTS

Length from shoulder to lower edge, 19½ ins.; across under-arms (back and front), 17 ins.; sleeve length from shoulder to lower edge, 24 ins.

TENSION (after Pressing)

15 st. to 2 ins.

BACK

** With No. 13 needles cast on 120 st. Rib 2½ ins., k. 1, p. 1, inc. 1 st. in every 12th st. of the last row only (120 st.). Change to No. 9 needles and the following pattern:

1st row.—* P. 4, k. 6, repeat from * to end.

2nd row.—* P. 6, k. 4, repeat from * to end.

Repeat rows 1 and 2 twice more.

7th row.—* P. 4, slip next 3 st. on to spare needle and place in front of work. Knit next 3 st., knit the 3 st. from spare needle (this forms cable). Repeat from * to end.

8th row.—As 2nd row. Repeat rows 1 and 2 twice more.

13th row.—K. 5, * p. 4, k. 6, repeat from * ending p. 5.

14th row.—K. 5, * p. 6, k. 4, repeat from * ending p. 5.

Repeat rows 13 and 14 twice more.

19th row.—K. 5, * p. 4. Work cable, repeat (*Continued on page* 54)

BED JACKET

MATERIALS REQUIRED

6 ozs. of "Sirdar" 2-ply Super Shetland wool; one pair of No. 8 and one pair of No. 12 needles; 2 yards of ribbon.

MEASUREMENTS

Length from shoulder to lower edge, 20 ins.; across the back under-arms, 19 ins.; across each front under-arm, 10 ins.; sleeve length from shoulder to lower edge, 23½ ins.

TENSION

13 st. to 2 ins.

BACK

With No. 8 needles cast on 123 st.

1st row.—Knit 2, * m. 1, k. 3, sl. 1, k. 2 tog. p.s.s.o., k. 3, m. 1, k. 1, repeat from * ending p. 2.

2nd, 4th and 6th rows.—Purl.

3rd row.—K. 3, * m. 1, k. 2, sl. 1, k. 2 tog. p.s.s.o., k. 2, m. 1, k. 3, repeat from * to end.

5th row.—K. 1, k. 2 tog., * m. 1, k. 1, m. 1, k. 1, sl. 1, k. 2 tog. p.s.s.o., k. 1, m. 1, k. 1, m. 1, sl. 1, k. 2 tog. p.s.s.o., repeat from * ending m. 1, k. 2 tog., k. 1, instead of m. 1, sl. 1, k. 2 tog. p.s.s.o.

These 6 rows form pattern. Work until 11 ins. from the beg. of the cast-on edge.

SHAPE ARMHOLES

Cast off 10 st. at the beg. of the next 2 armhole end rows, then dec. 1 st. each end of every row until 73 st. remain. Work for 7 ins. on these 73 st.

(*Continued on page* 54)

ABBREVIATIONS

K. = knit; p. = purl; inc. = increase or increasing; st. = stitch or stitches; tog. = together; beg. = beginning; m. = make

DRESS:

BY JEAN BURNUP
Editor Women's Department

1

2

3

1. American women are mad about this soft, reactionary sleeve line. It is strongly feminine here, in a white moss-crepe dinner-dress of effective simplicity, with a cross-over, one-button fastening, a grey snake-skin belt. *Marjorie Castle.*

2. Imitating paillettes, pink plastic studs illuminate an elegant black crepe dinner-dress, cut on basque lines, with a slit at front of the long, tight skirt, a draped hip movement ending in a sash tie. *Debenham and Freebody, Model Gowns.*

3. Bianca Mosca's slim black crepe, dramatised by swaying white fringe. Posed by Mrs. George King, wife of the director and producer for British Aviation Pictures. Mrs. King has designed most of the period dresses and settings for her husband's forthcoming film of the life of George Edwardes.

WHEN YOU

PLANS are being made, in a big way, for rehousing. Labour, the shortage of which is the greatest obstacle to progress at the moment, will be diverted into building industries soon after this war ends—possibly even before that. Materials for construction will come pouring on to the market as soon as manufacturers can turn their resources from the production of war materials to that of essential civilian needs.

All this is logical and inevitable, because other industries cannot function until workers are reinstated in civilian life and homes.

There are difficulties and problems to be solved in achieving this. There may be delays and bottlenecks inevitable in a transitionary phase. Many of us may have to accept, and will be grateful for, temporary homes while the confusion clears, but the time will come when house-hunting will have ceased to be a fruitless quest and become, again, a matter of finding the home best suited to personal tastes and needs.

Though domestic building has been at a standstill throughout the war, plans and experiments for future building have been piling up. In so far as housing equipment is concerned, apart from the design and construction of the house itself, industry has gained invaluable experience from the demands of war manufacture. They plan to utilise this in future for the improvement of the home.

English domestic architecture in the period between the two wars had fallen into some disrepute. This is, in fact, an entirely false position, because the British school of modern domestic architecture can hold its own with the work of any other country in the world. It is the work of the jerry-builder, entirely without artistic, and frequently without practical, merit, sprawling unchecked across the face of the land, that has created such a bad

1. A small English house designed by David Booth. The rooms are spaciously planned, with large windows to catch the sun. The main bedroom has a sleeping veranda, which forms a sheltered sun-porch below.
2. House in Surrey designed by R. T. Westendarp, A.R.I.B.A. Building materials include a combination of brick, timber and pantiles.
3. Very small house built in Hungary to the design of J. de Padanyi Gulyas (Budapest). The deep veranda, with access from the main sitting-room, shows the Spanish influence.
4. That the villa type of house can be gracious and beautiful is exemplified in this design for a semi-detached villa by Herbert Collins, F.R.I.B.A., M.T.P.I. Before the war this house was erected for under £1,000.
5. As an example of functional modern domestic architecture, this house built in Johannesburg, South Africa, is outstandingly attractive. This is the back view of the house, showing the dramatic use of window-space. Architect, Douglas M. Cowin, A.R.I.B.A.
6. Combination of modern functional simplicity in architecture with the more elegant characteristics of the past. This house, designed by Oswald Milne, A.R.I.B.A., is charmingly reminiscent of the gracious eighteenth-century period of deep windows and delicate wrought-iron balconies.

PLAN YOUR NEW HOUSE

impression of the British house. Design is the function of the architect. Good design implies good layout, good internal arrangements, good equipment.

If your house of the future is to combine these features, if you are going to buy your own land and create the house of your dreams, the skill and technical knowledge of an architect are essential to your getting these things.

But in the interval between planning and actually getting down to the exciting and soul-satisfying business of building yourself a background and a home, study the experience of other people who have done similarly.

Give yourself time. There will be plenty before you can start. Study design and size, layout and equipment. Watch points; keep up with developments and discoveries. The Building Centre and the Town and Country Planning Association, to name just two in London, are organisations created to assist the public in this endeavour to approach the problems of home building with every facility of knowledge, advice and technical skill.

What can be more fascinating than planning the perfect house for you, whether it is a house of dreams or one that you intend to come true?

How big can it be without being too big for convenience or too small for your needs, both now and later? Shall we have a kitchen-dining-room, or shall we leave the kitchen purely functional and have the dining-room as an annexe to the sitting-room? How about cutting out a bedroom and having a special sitting-room and playhouse for the children instead? How many cupboards in the kitchen? What is the newest laundry apparatus like and what will it all cost?

We have the building experience of other countries to draw upon as well as our own. America, Canada and the Scandinavian countries have continued building to some extent throughout the war years. We can learn from America and Canada about the fuller uses of timber in housing construction. About better insulation which makes the houses of both the countries more proof against extremes of temperature and, at the same time, does away with inter-room and inter-neighbour noises.

From Scandinavia we can learn much about pre-fabrication. This type of building has been very largely used in Sweden for some years past, and has proved itself over a period of time to be sound and satisfying, both in construction and appearance.

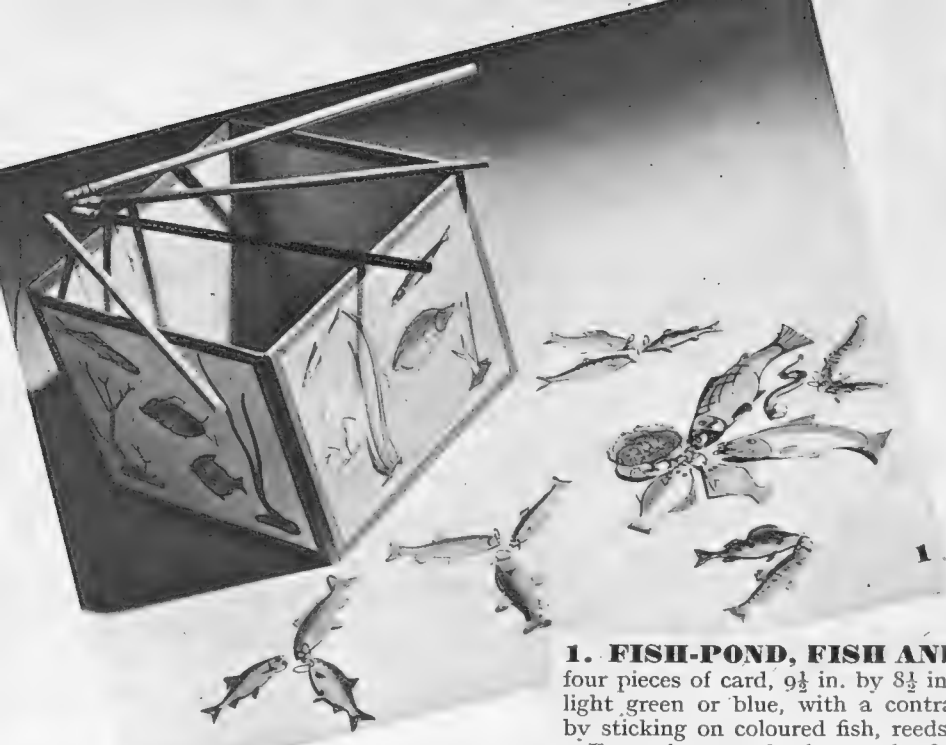
Life will take on a new reality when we get down to weighing the practical possibilities of these proved methods and choosing for our own use those that have the most to offer for personal use. It won't be this year. It may not be next, but it is within the practical, attainable future—near enough, in fact, to start making plans, so that when the time comes there shall be no mistakes.

INSTEAD OF A WARDROBE

The construction of this practical fitting to take the place of a conventional wardrobe is simple enough for a practical amateur to attempt. It consists of a central wood section which divides a row of shelves from the hanging side, which is fitted with a rail for holding clothes. A shelf running across both sections at the top provides store space for hats. Chintz curtains attached to a sliding rail around the top shelf conceal the interior from view.

HOME MADE . . .

Four ingenious toys, which have all the attraction of movement, made from household odds and ends and still obtainable materials. The cost of these was twelve shillings and ninepence, which included a two-shilling King Penguin book, "Fishes of Britain's Rivers and Lakes," from which the fish at the left were cut and mounted.



1

1. FISH-POND, FISH AND RODS. Cut out and join loosely with gum-strip four pieces of card, 9½ in. by 8½ in. Bind the edges with gum-strip. Paint all over a light green or blue, with a contrast colour for the bindings. Decorate the outside by sticking on coloured fish, reeds, and so on, which can be cut from a nature book.

From the same book, cut the fish to be caught, pasting on to thin card first. Fix small wire rings through the noses. Make a set of rods from painted sticks. Attach cotton lines and bent pins for hooks.

2

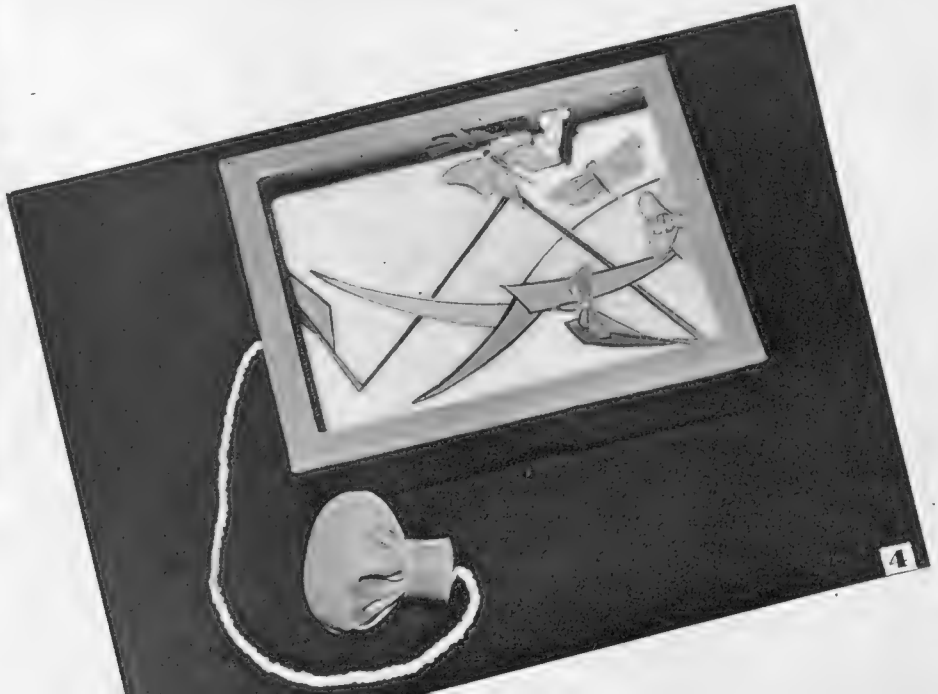
2. DOLL'S SLEIGH. The runners are a pair of inverted coat-hangers, which have the added attraction of rocking. You also need four screws, a length of curtain-rod and wood for the seat, a 10-in. piece cut from a 6-in. by 1-in. plank. Screw the coat-hangers to the sides of this and join their ends with pieces of the curtain-rod. This strengthens the sleigh and gives it a finished look. The holes for these rods and for the screws, too, are drilled in one operation, the hangers first having been bound together with string to ensure correct register. Give the sleigh two coats of paint.

3. FLYING PROPELLERS. Into a spare tool handle insert a piece of a wooden skewer, or an old, thick, wooden knitting-needle. This should project beyond the handle, sufficiently to carry a gaily-painted cotton-reel. The skewer top should be flush with the hole, top of the reel. Drive two pins into this, on each side of the hole, ½ in. apart, and nip them off with pliers, leaving ⅛ in. projecting.

Use an egg-cup for drawing the outline of the propellers. Cut this out and use it as a prototype for outlining a series of propellers on stiff card. After cutting out, make small holes in the waist of each propeller to correspond with the pins on the cotton-reel. Finally, give each a slight twist. When a length of string, wrapped round the cotton-reel, is pulled off smartly, the propeller, resting on top, will soar into the air.

3

4. MAGIC GARDEN. You will need a strong cardboard box measuring about 7 in. by 5 in., not more than 1 in. deep. Paste a picture of a garden or a bunch of flowers on the bottom, and then use an old razor-blade to cut out a rectangle from the lid. Leave a ¼-in. margin all round. Now get a picture-frame maker to supply you with a piece of glass which fits the lid tightly, so that when closed the glass finds support on the edge of the box. Before finally glueing the lid, cut out a number of butterfly shapes from thin, coloured tissue. When the glass is rubbed with a piece of cloth, the butterflies will begin to dance. Attach to the box a length of cord, which passes through a hole drilled into a bakelite bottle-stopper and holds the little piece of stuffed cloth for the glass rubbing.



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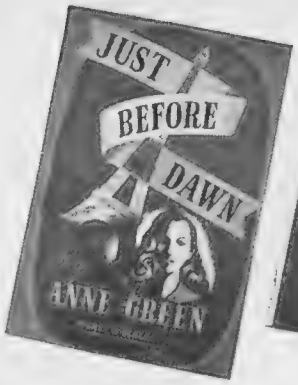
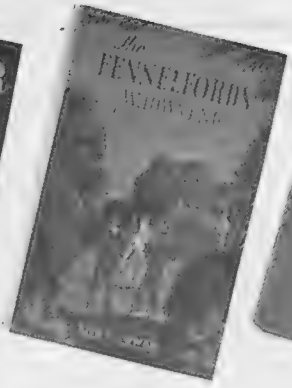
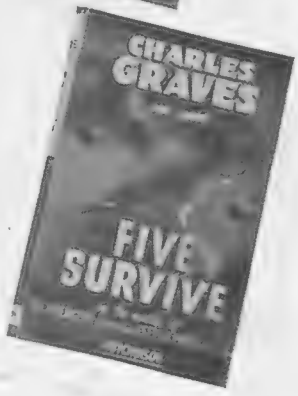
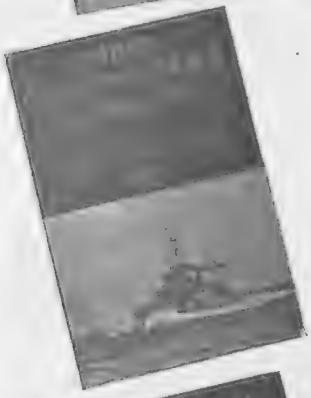








Books: *Reviewed by Trevor Allen*

DID you know that, according to legend, Beautiful Bath was founded by pigs? Bladud, son of Lud Hudibras, King of Britain, was driven from his father's court by leprosy. He duly came to Keynsham, six miles from Bath, to work as swineherd. The swine caught the leprosy, and, dreading his master's anger, Bladud drove them over the hills to a place where there were springs. The swine wallowed in the medicinal waters, and were cured. So was Bladud. He returned to court as a spring promoter, built baths on the spot, and that was Bath. In 1942 swine of another sort ordered its destruction. They also had leprosy, of a moral kind. . . .

The centuries between, with emphasis on the noble eighteenth of Beau Nash, Dr. William Oliver, Ralph Allen, and the two Woods, are recorded with charm and erudition in "Bath" (Batsford, 12s. 6d.) by the late Lieutenant R. A. L. Smith; R.N.V.R., Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, who incites us to dwell lovingly on its architecture, social fashions, and associations with Sheridan, Smollett, Pepys, and Jane Austen. With eighty-four illustrations from engravings, paintings, and photographs, mostly by Paul Fripp, it should delight all lovers of the West Country who find it in their stockings Christmas morning.

MAJOR ANTHONY COTTERELL made a hit with his Army diary, "What! No Morning Tea?" He continues his lively adventures in "An Apple for the Sergeant" (Hutchinson, 10s. 6d.), doing parachute jumps, accompanying bombers over the Reich, and visiting U.S. infantry camps, among other things. The book is notable for its humour, realism, observation of detail, and first-hand account of a raid on Frankfort.

ADMIRAL CUNNINGHAM proved himself of the bull-dog breed in taking an aggressive stance with his numerically inferior fleet and showing Mussolini that the Mediterranean was no Fascist pond. Commander George Stitt, R.N., who served in H.M.S. *Queen Elizabeth*, 1941-42, tells the story of three dramatic years in "Under Cunningham's Command" (Allen & Unwin, 8s. 6d.), covering Syria, Calabria, Matapan, the sinking of the cruiser *Bartolemeo Colleone* off Crete, the Fleet Air Arm attack on Taranto which halved the strength of the enemy fleet in a few minutes, and the plucky work of small craft in maintaining supplies to isolated Tobruk. He not only gives the "feel" of the job in hand, but expounds naval tactics and strategy in a manner that does not give the lay reader Euclidian nightmares. Yes, it makes one a bit proud of the Old Firm, reading what these sea-dogs did under every kind of hazard and handicap.

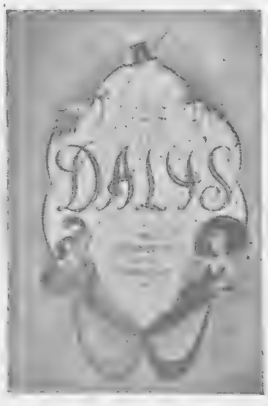
The R.A.F. have done something of a job, too. Mr. Charles Graves novelizes it effectively in "Five Survive" (Hutchinson, 9s. 6d.), a continuation of the adventures of his seven good pilots—until first Kit and then Ginger take off on ops from which others return. North Africa, Sicily, pathfinder missions, low-level attacks on Pas de Calais flying-bomb ramps; air-sea launch rescues are featured with an understanding of R.A.F. technique, psychology, and slang, which makes them convincing. I would choose this as a present for air-minded youth or any one with friend or relative serving in the R.A.F.

MRS. FRANCES PARKINSON KEYES was debating a theme for her next novel when she read a poem, (*Continued on page* 68)

"DALY'S"

AUGUSTIN DALY, George Edwardes, Jimmy White, Ada Rehan, Lily Elsie, José Collins, Evelyn Laye. *Merry Widow, Waltz Dream, Dollar Princess, Count of Luxembourg, Madame Pompadour, Lilac Time* . . . What a pageant of memorable nights and days surges through Mr. D. Forbes-Winslow's panorama, **"Daly's"** (W. H. Allen, 15s. 6d.)! Here is Daly making Ada miss an entrance with one of his funny stories—and fining her all the same; Edwardes telling his leading lady who wants her entry changed so that she gets a reception: "It's not your reception when you come on that I want, it is your reception when you go off"; George Grossmith being told by a Mrs. Mopp who wanted to get her boy on the stage: "He's that funny, he'd make you die of laughing; you see, he has fits"; and White, the financier, collecting from the stage-door keeper the fateful parcel which was the means to his tragic end. . . .

One or two slips need correcting. Max, not Herman, Darewski, wrote the music for *Rosy Rapture*. But the book is a vivid evocation of those "good old days" of lovely tunes and hideous fashions whose passing Mr. Macqueen-Pope mourns so damply in a valedictory Postscript. I can see hundreds like him turning its pages this Christmas and saying: "Do you remember . . .?"



Many English villages possessed their own stocks and some treasure them to-day as relics of the past. This form of punishment was useful in checking many a misdemeanour such as bakers who gave short weight and brewers who sold bad ale or above the stated price. The picture on the left is that of the stocks at Aldbury, Hertfordshire, and below are shown the stocks at Great Tew, a charming Oxfordshire village

To Make the Punishment Fit the Crime

By M. Lovett Turner

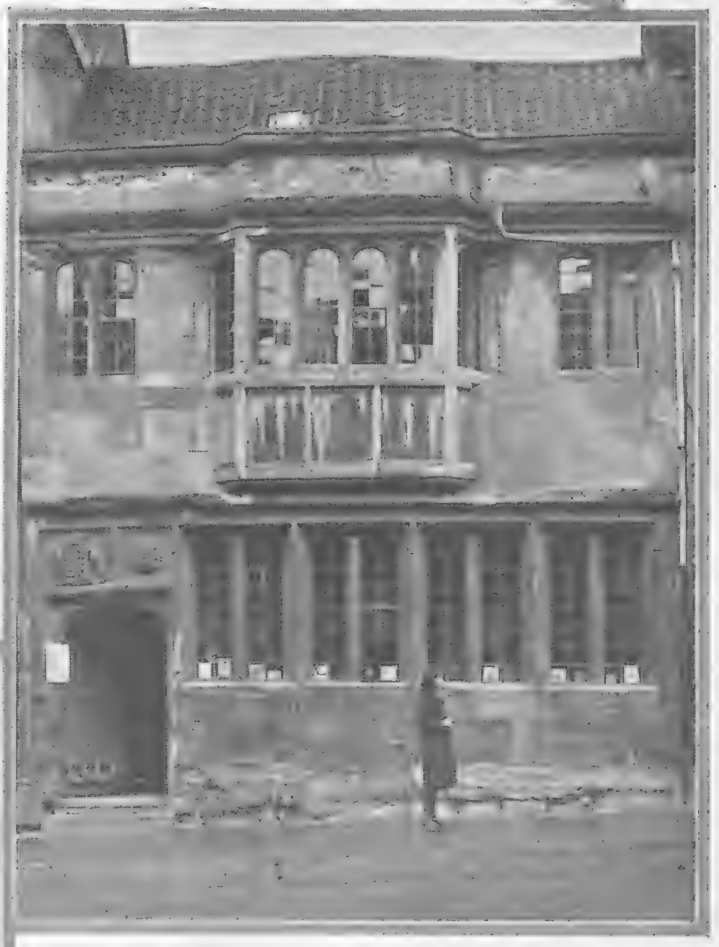
WHY do we, as a nation, so belittle our own virtues? Even historians stress our failings and dismiss our achievements with few words. We hear more about King Alfred's lapse from domesticity and the subsequent burning of the cakes than of his victory over the Danes that resulted from his preoccupation in the swineherd's hut—or that is my impression. Antiquarians unearth more horrors from past ages than even Edgar Wallace's brilliant imagination could supply to satisfy our need for thrillers. They would have us believe that the towns of Merrie England were filled with crowds of sadists revelling in the agonies of martyrs being burnt at the stake, while processions of gaily dressed noblemen being led to execution cluttered up the streets of London. Even peaceful villages apparently rejoiced in the possession of countless whipping posts and ducking stools, while tarred and rotting corpses dotted the highway like milestones.

It is true that many villages possessed their own stocks and whipping posts, and some treasure them to-day. Great Tew, in Oxfordshire, has a pair of well-preserved stocks on the cobbled highway, and Aldbury, in Hertfordshire, rejoices in its weary-looking ones in the lovely setting of manor house and village pond.

Although we look on the unfortunate prisoner in the stocks more as a rallying point for the village humorist, stocks were useful in checking many a misdemeanour. Bakers who gave short weight, brewers who sold bad ale or above the stated price; "forestallers, regraters, and engrossers"—the old-time equivalent for the stock and share gambler who corners goods in order to raise the price to-day—and the black-market vendor, were all put in the stocks, there to repent them of their too keen business abilities.

"I saw the limbs of some of our new (*Continued on page* 68)

The business-like round house at Castle Carey, Somerset, with its roof shaped like a policeman's helmet, was used as late as 1785 to imprison children over the age of seven who had played truant from school or were found playing on the Sabbath



The Abbot's Tribunal at Glastonbury, Somerset, where graver charges were tried than those punished with a visit in the stocks, still retains its dungeons, in which the supporters of Monmouth awaited their doom at the whim of the bullying Judge Jeffreys

Even if you have been to the same hairdresser for years you need to book at least two weeks ahead for a shampoo and set. As for a manicure, you will be lucky if you can get one at all, and it will be a miracle if you get the same assistant twice, for manicurists are like birds on the wing—they are here to-day and gone to-morrow. My own hairdresser employs many assistants; for several weeks there was not a manicurist on the premises. Now they actually have two, and what is more, you can take your own varnish, if you have any, and the manicurist is allowed to put it on for you. Things are looking up.

By Jane Gordon

ON DUTY

I OFTEN think how strange it is that for years I have known thousands of women without ever meeting one of them. From each letter I get asking for information or advice, I try to visualize the woman who has written to me. I may know nothing about her except the colour of her hair or the texture of her complexion. Sometimes I know what her figure looks like, and frequently a sentence in a letter will make me wish that I could meet the woman who has written. She must be fun or she obviously has courage, she may need help, and I realize that I could give her so much more help if I could just see her for a few minutes. As it is, I cannot even answer individual letters as fully as I wish and so, all I can do is to write some kind of open letter which will act as a background to various problems.

This one is going to be facts about figures. Almost every woman wants to know how to streamline her figure—acquire curves in some parts or lose them in others—and before we go any further let me tell you what you cannot do. You cannot remove fat locally by dabbing on a lotion or rubbing in a cream, and once your bones have stopped growing, you cannot increase your height.

If you are putting on too much weight and wish to streamline your figure, you must first discover what is causing the increased weight. You may be eating too much of a certain type of food—you may not be getting enough exercise or enough fresh air—the increase of weight may be associated with one of the glands, such as the thyroid or pituitary which is working too hard or too little.

There are certain glands which are responsible for puppy-fat when a girl has reached the adolescence stage. These same glands may cause a woman to be unduly fat when she is having a baby, and they are responsible for middle-age spread. Heart trouble and rheumatism can also cause an uncomfortable increase in weight and, in these cases, it is dangerous to try to decrease the weight without medical advice. Excessive fatness seems to go inevitably to certain parts of the body, particularly the large double fold of membrane which hangs from the lower border of the stomach and reaches as far as the pelvis. This (*Continued on page* 58)

AND OFF

BEWARE of the ignorant assistant who gives you so-called beauty treatment. A friend of mine went into the hairdressing department of a large store the other day to ask whether she could have her eyebrows plucked. She was led to a cubicle, arranged comfortably in a reclining chair, and a young woman worked on her for ten minutes with a pair of follicle forceps; nothing was dabbed on before the operation or afterwards. Hairs were torn out at random to the accompaniment of little spots of blood, and very sore-looking lids at the end of the performance. I have also seen women leave the inexperienced manicurist with slightly sore and tatty cuticles which could easily lead to a septic nail bed.

If you cannot get an expert, then take care of your looks yourself. Buy a pair of follicle forceps, scrub them well with soap and water before use, dab a little surgical spirit (which you can get from the chemist) over the eyebrows, stand in a good light and use a magnifying mirror if possible. Pluck out each hair separately, firmly, and in the direction from which it grows; hold the skin taut with the fingers of your left hand. When you have removed the stray hairs, smooth on a tiny spot of cold cream and wipe off with a face towel.

Manicure your own nails and avoid all steel instruments.

Make-Up For A Christmas Party

A FEW months of peace will surely give a great lift to our war-weary looks. But right now, we want immediate results for Christmas. So relax, let everything go, and contrive a gay, almost new face for your Christmas party.

Your skin may be dry, normal or greasy. A greasy skin should have a whipping-up with a skin tonic, followed by an application of a foundation lotion, either a heavy liquid-powder type, or, for younger skins, a less opaque, bloom type. A normal skin can have this same foundation, but a dry skin may find it too drying and may need a creamier base.

Choose one as near the shade of your forehead skin as possible, unless you want to use a cream or olive tone to subdue florid colour, or a tinge of apricot to lighten natural olive tones.

Apply your foundation with meticulous care, so that there is no sign of a high or low water mark. Carry it slightly down the neck, fading gradually to nothing.

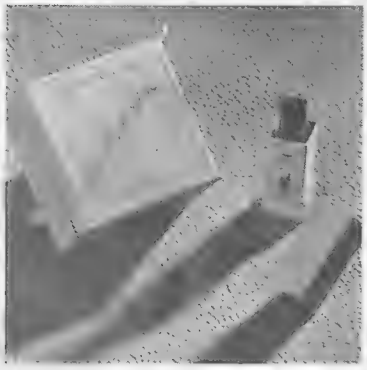
Rouge, cleverly applied, can make you look ten years' younger. But bad or noticeable rouge application is ageing and almost fatal to charm or beauty. Powder rouge is put on over your foundation, cream rouge before.

Smile before putting on your rouge. Exactly where your cheeks bulge with the smile is the place for your central rouge application. Work outwards and around from there, blending carefully, leaving no hard edges.

The colour of your rouge should be a faint echo of your lipstick shade. Rouge can also be applied under the bottom lid to disguise lines, bagginess and dark shadows, but it has to be almost indiscernible. Rouge can also be applied effectively to ear lobes; and just under the face to help hide a double chin.

Now take a soft drawing pencil and lightly retrace your eyebrows, lengthening and thickening them to the desired shape. Don't make the pencilwork obvious. Blend it in with the hairs. Remember, thin pencilled brows are out. Keep them as natural-looking as possible.

Next, eye shadow. If you use this regularly, you will know the best shade to flatter your eye colour. Eye shadow best achieves its purpose of enhancing and enlarging the eyes when it is almost not there at all, but for evening make-up you can lam it on a little heavier than usual. It should be deeper near the base of the top lashes, and fading to nothing towards the eyebrows.



Elizabeth Arden's powder (a little easier to obtain these days), and Radiant Peony lipstick, a warm, rich winter colour

Lightish eyes can take a faint pencil line along the lower lid, extending slightly out at the corners. Again this must never be sharp, it must be softly done.

Now outline your lips with lip brush, pencil or the sharp edge of your lipstick. Fill in, exaggerating or editing the curves as they best suit you. Powder liberally.

Apply your mascara. Use hot water to dampen your brush, and then sweep the top lashes upwards. The hot water will help to train them in this curve. Don't let the lashes stick together and be careful that the mascara is not too dark in tone for your colouring. This being a party night, you can build your lashes up a bit with two or even more applications. Let them dry before each removal and renewing. Clean the brush after each application. You cannot get mascara on smoothly with a clogged brush.

Now go over your mouth again, determinedly. Blot your lips, particularly the insides. Your mouth is now finished. Leave it alone, don't be tempted to apply lipstick again or you may get a jammy, uneven look.

Finally, brush off surplus powder with cotton wool if you have no face brush. With an orange stick, trace a touch of brilliantine over your brows, for shine, and a final faint dab of shadow over your powdered lids.

Eye shadow, mascara, rouge and powder can still be bought by post. If you want our shopping list, send a stamped envelope and your request.

HAND

ELASTICITY, suppleness and freedom of movement are the possessions of youth, unless special care is taken to ensure them in middle and later years.

Few adults use their joints and muscles as actively as those joints and muscles should be used. Consequently those joints that are unused—to their full extent of movement—seize up slightly; and those muscles that are unused become atrophied.

This seizing-up of joints can cause great physical pain once the condition has gradually worsened. Of course, the process takes time, and if caught, can be remedied by exercise before any seizing-up has taken place, but once the condition is really there, the remedy is in the hands of some really experienced masseur and manipulator.

Many of the pains which are tabulated vaguely as rheumatism, neuritis, arthritis, even neuralgia, are pains which are caused by seized joints. All these can be remedied by manipulation. Of course, the treatment must be by a specialist because harm can be done if the joints are treated too roughly, without a full knowledge of the delicate structures of the body. For a long time the medical profession looked askance at osteopathy, which at first was only legally recognized in Canada and U.S.A. Now, however, the whole question is being treated as another branch of medical science. Centres are being set up all over the country to help war disabled. After war needs have been dealt with, these centres should be of great value in the

The party make-up of Marilyn Maxwell, seductive new M-G-M player, has the characteristic Hollywood gloss and detailed finish

DANGER, RED VEINS

THE most common over-forty defect of the lovely English complexion is red veins, and the danger season for those veins is now on. Every woman over thirty who has prided herself on her rosy cheeks, who has never used much make-up because there was no need to improve on nature, should take a searching look in her mirror and make sure that the flush of rose is not beginning to separate into tiny red veins.

If there is the slightest sign of veins, immediate care must be taken to avoid later heavy veins and even broken veins.

Hot drinks, indigestion, fireside seats, striding through a snow-storm, surface friction, strong creams or astringents, must all be ruled out. In your beauty care, use a liquefying cream for cleansing, or a fairly greasy lotion; use an easily absorbed skin-food rather than one that has to have a lot of massage. The veined surface should never be massaged at all roughly, never tapped or slapped, never pressed or aggravated with strong astringents.

General health rules of perfect elimination, unspiced foods, not too much alcohol, no too-hot drinks or soups, no indigestible foods are essential.

The habit of a lifetime, of little or no make-up, must be revised. During the winter months, whether you are by the fireside or out in icy temperatures, you should wear a heavyish protective foundation (under which a little skin food can be gently worked in). If you take these few cares, you should be able to keep your skin youthful and unblemished. You need not wear the heavy creams in summer.

★

WORK

treatment of civilians. Movement creates movement and if the patient cannot voluntarily effect the movement to its full range, a greater range of movement can be achieved by gradually hand-manipulating the limb or joint.

Your greatest care is your feet. Feet are seldom exercised properly, seldom given the full range of movement. Moreover, they are frequently held in cramped and stationary positions by tight and ill-fitting shoes. All feet should be manipulated regularly, after a soaking in a hot foot bath.

Take the foot out of the bath and rest it on your other knee. Now, grasping the left foot with the right hand in a stabilizing hold, fingers on top of foot and thumb under the sole, giving pressure beneath the big toe joint, take the big toe in your other hand and gently but firmly move it outwards until it is in a straight line with the inside line of the foot. Repeat this movement several times. Eventually you should be able to make your big toe voluntarily perform the movement.

Now, one at a time, pull each toe out straight, as firmly as you can. When you have extended each toe to its limit singly, bend it backwards and forwards, first letting the bend come at the base joint, then at the second joint and then at the top joint. Then they should be worked to the full extent of the range of movement, twisting each toe around, sideways and in circles. After all the toes have had this treatment, the ankle should be worked, circularly, and then sideways.

Arthritis is caused by irritation. If you can restore the joint to normal full-range working in the early stage of the trouble, the seizing-up will be counteracted, remedied, the irritation will cease and, the cause of the arthritis being removed, the arthritis will be cured. If it is in a part of the body that you cannot treat, you must get expert attention and treatment.

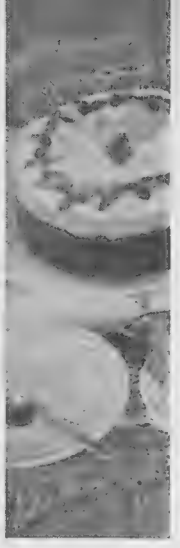
In this, as in everything, prevention is better than cure, and a regularly done once-a-week series of spine exercises would be remarkably beneficial to most modern bodies. If you would like the sheet of exercises, send a stamped, self-addressed envelope and your request for them; they may save you from many aches and twinges in the winter of your life.

★

HEALTH AND BEAUTY by CHRYSIS

If you want help with your beauty troubles or further details of the exercises or routines mentioned in these articles, write to me at "Britannia and Eve," Commonwealth House, 1 New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1.

FOR THE CHILDREN'S TEA PARTY



COFFEE DROPS

Melt ½ lb. of sugar in ½ cupful of milk, adding a nut of margarine and 2 tablespoonfuls of coffee essence. Let boil, stirring all the time, until, when tested in cold water, the syrup may be rolled into a ball. Remove, let cool, and when nearly cold, stir vigorously with a wooden spoon until the mixture becomes creamy and changes colour. Roll teaspoonfuls in chocolate powder and leave in a cool place to harden.

BLACK AND WHITE JELLY

Melt 2 oz. of margarine, add 2 oz. of flour, and when well absorbed, add 3 cupfuls (diluted according to the directions on the tin) of sweetened condensed milk. Bring to the boil, and when thick remove.

Melt 1 oz. of gelatine in hot water and strain over the milk. Fill half a large jelly mould with the mixture, and when set fill up with the following :—

Mix 2 level dessertspoonfuls of custard powder with 6 of sweetened chocolate powder and ½ pint of milk. When free of all lumps, pour over ½ pint of boiling milk. Place in a saucepan, and boil for 1 to 2 minutes, stirring well. Dissolve 1 oz. of gelatine in a little hot water; strain over the custard.

This makes a very attractive jelly when turned out, and may be covered with a vanilla sauce.

CHRISTMAS CAKE

Chop ½ lb. of any dried fruit available and mix with ¾ lb. of flour, 2 oz. of sugar, 2 teaspoonfuls of mixed spices. Melt 4 oz. of margarine with 1 teacupful of golden syrup or treacle and ½ gill of milk, and pour over the flour. Mix well, adding 2 whisked eggs, reconstituted with milk instead of water. Bake in a low oven for 2 hours. When cool, spread with the following almond paste :—

Melt 1 oz. of margarine in a saucepan; incorporate 2 oz. of flour, then add ¼ tin of sweetened condensed milk. Stir well until it begins to boil, remove, and add almond essence to taste. Spread while still hot, but let cool before adding chocolate icing (3 oz. sweetened chocolate powder melted in ½ gill of water and 1 dessertspoonful of margarine. Cream well before it comes to the boil, allow to cool a little before spreading).

SPICED STARS

Melt, over a low fire, ½ lb. of golden syrup with 1 oz. of margarine. Mix together in a bowl ½ lb. of sieved flour with 4 teaspoonfuls of mixed spices and 1 of baking powder. Incorporate with the golden syrup, and add 2 reconstituted eggs well beaten up. Fill small cake tins and bake in a low to medium oven for 30 minutes.

TREASURE TROVE

Boil ½ cupful of rice in water for 5 minutes. Strain, and wash well in cold water. Next bring it to the boil in 2 cupfuls of milk to which 1 teaspoonful of vanilla essence and 3 dessertspoon-

Christmas Mixture—

LAST-MINUTE CHRISTMAS PUDDING

Chop 4 oz. of dried fruits; cream 4 oz. of margarine and mix with 4 oz. of breadcrumbs, 2 oz. of flour, 1 teaspoonful of carbonate of soda, 2 teaspoonfuls of mixed spices, 2 drops of rum essence, and the chopped fruit. Finally add 2 beaten-up reconstituted dried eggs and 1 tablespoonful of treacle or golden syrup heated in 4 tablespoonfuls of milk.

See that the ingredients are well blended together before turning into a greased pudding bowl tied round with a clean cloth. Steam for 2½ hours.

WARSAW LIVER SAUSAGE

Pass whatever quantity of cooked liver you have through the mincer, adding 2 tablespoonfuls of breadcrumbs, 2 rashers of minced bacon or ham, 1 small chopped onion, pepper, salt, and 2 eggs reconstituted with 2 tablespoonfuls of milk. Roll the mixture in the shape of a thick sausage, cover with breadcrumbs, and bake for 30 minutes in a moderate oven, basting frequently. Serve with braised celery.

NOVELTY STUFFING

Boil until tender 2 good celery hearts, then chop them finely and mix with ½ lb. of sausage meat, 2 minced rashers of bacon, 1 dessertspoonful of chopped mixed herbs. Season with nutmeg, pepper, and cayenne, and add 1 grated raw onion.

BEEF AND HAM GALANTINE

Take ½ lb. of finely minced beef, ½ lb. of minced ham, and mix them together. Take ¼ lb. of breadcrumbs, season them with 1 teaspoonful of salt, ½ teaspoonful of pepper, and ½ grated nutmeg. Mix all this with the meat and add 1 beaten-up reconstituted egg. Form into a square block, fold and fasten a pudding cloth round it, and place in a saucepan of boiling water, or in a stock pot if you happen to be making stock, and let simmer for 2 hours. Drain off the surplus water, and remove the cloth while still hot. You may glaze the galantine or not as you like. It keeps well for a few days.

POTTED HAM

Chop ½ lb. of cold boiled ham, and then pound it in a mortar with 2 oz. of margarine, gradually adding to it a pinch of powdered

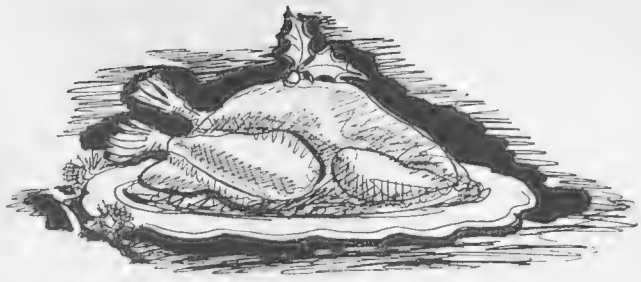
fuls of sugar have been added. Let simmer for ½ hour, stirring occasionally to prevent burning. Remove from the fire and stir in 1 oz. of melted gelatine. Line the bottom of a mould with a little of the rice, and when set stand a cup on it. Pour the remainder of the rice (kept warm meanwhile) round the cup and leave in a very cold place to set firm. Remove the cup and fill the hole with anything you like, such as jam, stewed fruit, chocolate cream, etc. Turn out before serving with more of the filling chosen.

TOASTED FINGERS

Remove the crusts from the required number of fairly thick pieces of bread, toast the slices on both sides, then, carefully, with a sharp knife, split each piece of toast in two and spread the white side with either tinned creamed salmon, scrambled egg mixed with anchovy, sliced cold sausage. Replace the other half, press firmly together and cut into neat fingers.

SARDINE PACKETS

Make the usual rough puff pastry, but when rolling it out three times sprinkle with grated cheese. Bone the contents of a tin of sardines and mash them with a drop or two of anchovy essence. Spread this mixture over half of the pastry, rolled out to about ¼ in. thick, fold the other half over, cut into squares, and press the edges firmly together with moist fingers. Bake in a moderate oven until brown. Serve either hot or cold.



The Cold Bird

CREAMED TURKEY

Cut the meat into small squares and fry them with 1 finely chopped onion; stir in 1 level tablespoonful of flour, ½ tin of chopped pimentoes, and pour over 1 cupful of milk. Add salt and pepper to taste and leave to simmer very slowly for 10 minutes. Serve surrounded by a ring of mashed potatoes.

DEVILLED FINGERS

Cut your cold turkey into neat slices, removing the skin. Make a sauce with 1 oz. of margarine, 1 oz. of flour, and 1 cupful of turkey stock (the water in which you have boiled the bones with onions and carrots). Add mustard, pepper, and salt to taste, and the meat. Butter as many pieces of crustless toast as required, arrange the creamed turkey on fingers of the toast and brown quickly under the grill.

TURKEY PATE

Boil the turkey liver until, when pierced by a fork, there is no more blood running, then let it get cold in its own water and finally cut it into short, thin slices.

Pass any turkey scraps three times through the mincer; weigh it, and take half its weight in margarine. Cream the margarine, add the meat, and work well together, adding pepper and salt. When ready add the liver and fill either small individual moulds or one large one. Let it get as cold as possible before serving.

CUTLETS ANNE-MARIE

Remove all skin and gristle and mince any turkey left-overs; add ½ teaspoonful of chopped parsley and 1 small chopped onion, pepper and salt. Melt 1 oz. of margarine in a saucepan, mix in 1 oz. of flour. Add 1 cupful of milk, bring to the boil, and stir until thick. Remove from the fire, add 1 dried egg (dry) and the meat. Let it get quite cold, then shape into cutlets, roll in flour, dip in milk, cover with breadcrumbs, and fry on both sides until brown.

Not As Before

By Harriet Muir

mace (not essential if difficult to obtain) and a small pinch of cayenne pepper. These flavourings may be modified to taste. When all is mixed to a smooth paste, press it down into small pots and run over the top some clarified margarine, which is lukewarm only, about ⅛ in. in thickness. Serve in the pots for breakfast or supper, or cut into slices for sandwiches.

Last-Minute Christmas Pudding.
(Left) Beef and Ham Galantine.
(On opposite page) Warsaw Liver Sausage with Braised Celery

HOW TO HAVE CLEVER CHILDREN

Five clever people who have made outstanding successes in their own spheres: (1) Frank Owen, brilliant young editor of the "Evening Standard," now in the Army; (2) Barbara Ward, assistant editor of "The Economist" and famous Brains Truster; (3) Jennie Lee, politician; (4) Noel Coward and (5) Group Captain Frank Whittle, inventor of the jet-propelled aeroplane. Is their success a gift of the gods, or is it the result of concentration, perseverance and the courage to follow their bent?

SOME quite responsible medical opinion holds that more clever children are born of older parents, which is just too bad for the remaining millions who are not. But, speculations of this sort apart, is there a way of having clever children, or must we leave this enviable endowment, like beauty, in the lap of the gods?

Why should we? If, after all, genius is an infinite capacity for taking pains, can't we assume that cleverness is something which, all things being equal, can be cultivated by the same means?

Of course, we have to decide what exactly is implied in the term "clever." Some people are ingenious with their hands, without ever attaining intellectuality. The man who invented the jet-propelled aeroplane might, for all we know, be completely flummoxed by the sewing on of a button.

Few people are clever at everything, though they may have been granted the force, the patience and the opportunity to discover and develop some one particular talent or quality which brings success.

As parents, we may say to ourselves, "We are not brilliant people. How then can we expect to have clever children?" This is defeatism. There is more practical sense in pursuing cleverness than in merely waiting to be born clever.

Start by encouraging an alert and experimental habit. Education is important in itself, but unless it is backed by home influence which encourages the development of wider interests, it doesn't go far enough. To encourage a variety of interests in children is to discover the lines upon which their inclinations and talents are bent. Open the worlds of music, art and sport so far as it is possible to do so. Give children at least an elementary knowledge of these things and the poise and self-understanding which familiarity with them brings. The world is full of humdrum people who, living within a narrow channel, have never even suspected the gifts that may be dormant within them.

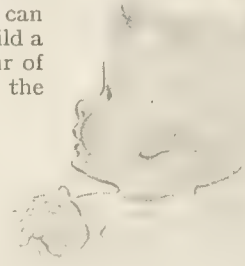
Encouragement is the life-blood of cleverness. Give children the freedom to follow every interest that beckons, to perfect themselves in whatever talents they may reveal. Above all, they must be taught the value and the necessity of hard work. Little real success has been attained in this world by other means than sustained work and unrelenting concentration.

If you encourage in your children the habit of hard work and enthusiasm for whatever tasks they undertake, you have given them the key to intellectual development. Interests follow upon each other, as their experience and their knowledge grow.

Share their interests, although they may not coincide with your own. Feed the brain as tenderly and as constantly as you feed their developing bodies.

It may not be easy for some time to see what particular promise a child may hold. Some develop intellectually much later than others. These children need patience and understanding until such time as their ideas are formed. Outstanding gifts will often show themselves at an early age. But many people, successful in later life, have only found themselves through a long experience of trial and error.

Some of the most promising children have had their talents diverted into wrong channels by the enthusiasm of their parents for some career which appears to them to be desirable. The free choice of a career is the greatest boon a parent can bestow. If you hope to make your child a lawyer and his leanings are in favour of the stage or the laboratory, then the chances are a hundred to one that the stage or the laboratory will bring him more success.



No normal child is without some decided interest. If you open every channel of experiment to him, you cannot fail to discover what it is.

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WE REGRET THAT CURRENT CONDITIONS MAKE IT IMPOSSIBLE TO GUARANTEE STOCK. PLEASE CHOOSE FROM RETAILERS' SHELVES

A Guest For Christmas

You can send her out with your husband while you bath the kids

WORKING out a list of guests for Christmas, trying to fit in the people you have to ask with those you really want, underlines the truth that the ideal guest is a difficult person to discover.

Entertaining people for an hour or two is one thing. Entertaining them for a few days, as you do at Christmas, is another. The man who is such an amusing conversationalist at a dinner party may be a little exhausting when you have to live up to his brilliance for the whole of Christmas. The girl who plays the piano so divinely at your evening parties is not such an asset first thing in the morning, banging out Brahms, when you want help with the beds.

The perfect guest is a combination of the best social qualities, leavened with homeliness. She is a person you enjoy laying out the best china and glass for, because you are confident of her appreciation. Yet, if the need arises, you can invite her to eat in the kitchen without a qualm.

She is the kind of woman who says: "Let me make myself useful," and really means it, instead of following you helplessly about the house saying: "Of course, I can't be much help to you because I don't know where things are kept."

She fits in with your other guests, whether they are the people you want to impress or your poorest relations. She is charming to them all with the good manners which are inherent in her kindly disposition.

At the same time your ideal guest has dignity. She is not the person you can easily underestimate. She is easy to be with, sincere and unexacting, yet she demands the best of you as a hostess and makes the giving of your best a privilege and a pleasure.

Your children love her. She never patronizes them and she talks their language with the fluency of a person who genuinely loves children. With her you are not on tenterhooks, in case the family should be off its best behaviour. When she brings you a present, it is never so expensive as to embarrass you because the thing you have bought for her cost three and sixpence. At the same time there is thought behind it. She remembers the things you like, probably some particular small thing for which you have expressed a wish.

She says: "Let me make myself useful," and really means it

Your husband likes and admires her, too, and is at ease with her. She does not talk so much that he accuses her of "chattering," neither is she so quiet that he can call her "dumb." You can be quite confident that they will get along if you want to send them out together while you bath the kids, without fear that they might get along too well.

She praises your hospitality but never gushes. She brings her own rations, pays for her long-distance telephone calls and never keeps you in suspense as to when she is arriving and how long she means to stay.

She is a paragon of the social virtues, but is never a bore. The only snag is that it is doubtful if she has ever existed, or ever will.

L. W.

When she brings you a present, she has remembered what you like

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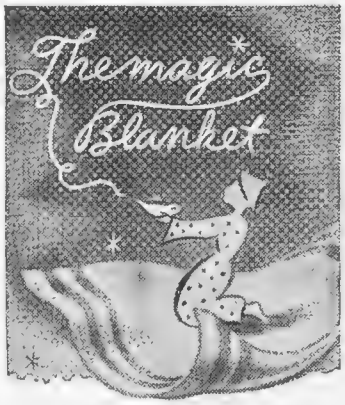

IF you had a Magic Lamp, one of your wishes would be for the Home of your Dreams —and "MODERNA" Blankets for all your bedrooms.

All this will one day come true.

We are planning them now— "MODERNA" blankets of softest lamb's wool; in a range of loveliest pastel shades; with uniquely close, warm weave; odourless and unshrinkable.

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Sew By The Fire

Long winter evenings bring back the time for catching up on the piles of mending which have accumulated during the summer.

Mending is an art in itself and, if the correct methods are used, it can prolong the life and appearance of clothes and house linens for a long time.

Here are some simple-to-follow instructions on rejuvenating methods:

KNITTED JUMPERS AND UNDERGARMENTS

Hand-knitted garments which are beginning to wear thin can be effectively strengthened from behind with matching cotton thread. On the wrong side of the knitting make lines of stitching over the thin part by pulling the thread loosely through the back of the stitches.

A patch can be fitted over a hole in hand-knitted stocking stitch by knitting a fresh piece of work to fill the hole. Pick up enough stitches below the hole to reach beyond either side of it, using needles of the same size as those used for the original work. Knit a sufficient number of rows to cover the hole completely. Now pick up an equal number of stitches at the top of the hole and knit these into the patch. Cast off and sew the remaining stitches down. Also sew down the sides of the patch. Sew the hole to the patch with light stitches in cotton on the wrong side. Press with a cool iron.

WORN PILLOW CASE HEMS

When the hem or frill of a pillow case has torn away from its base, cut it off and turn the pillow case inside out. Now take in a little all round in the same way as for the second stage of a french seam.

MEN'S SHIRT CUFFS

Shirt cuffs fray and grow shabby more quickly at the fold than in any other part of the garment. This can be rectified by removing the cuff from the sleeve and putting a narrow strip of material of a similar kind inside the broken edge and hemming the edges very neatly. Press the cuff well and attach it again to the sleeve but the reverse way out, so that the repaired edge is on the inside and out of view.

DARNING TABLE LINEN BY MACHINE

Holes and thin places in table cloths and napkins can be neatly darned on the sewing machine by using the machine with the foot up instead of down. Lay the torn edges of the cloth together and run the machine backwards and forwards over the hole and a small margin all round until the place is filled.

AFTER a separation of many months this first impression is important and you specially want to look beautiful. But 'leave' trains always seem to arrive last thing at night, after you've had a particularly tiring day; they're often unavoidably late, and stations can be draughty places to wait in. So this is quite definitely an occasion for Icilma Beauty Aids to add lustre and glamour to a weary face or disguise a cold, pinched look. Icilma Foundation Cream is wonderful for making skins softer, silkier, brighter, and for holding powder through many extra hours. And for dewy, morning freshness last thing at night use Icilma's exquisite Powder — and remember this film studio trick when applying it. When make-up men want to create an impression of age or tiredness they get the star to wrinkle up her eyes and then powder over the creased skin; when she relaxes there's a network of fine wrinkles. Many women do this unconsciously when powdering, so remember that *you* mustn't. Spread the skin with two fingers, as the make-up men do, while you press Icilma Powder gently in.

Icilma

FOUNDATION CREAM 3/6 2/2 10½d

FACE POWDER 2/2 10½d

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. . and all Kayser-Bondor stockings are full-fashioned

Kicking about

What could be more alive and appealing than baby in the bath or at playtime? This amazing vitality is sound evidence that baby has always had a balanced diet for the perfect development of brain, bone and muscle.

How wise to follow the advice of your doctor when he prescribed COW & GATE: the food that carries with it the assurance of years of research and vigilant care in its manufacture—Britain's premier milk. A completely balanced food for growth and bone building—exactly proportioned in vitamins and minerals, germ free in its purity. The safe and certain food for *your* baby. *The royal choice for Royal babies!*

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COW & GATE MILK FOOD

"Babies Love it!"

I've had a bit of luck!

. . . got a tin of

Nescafé How nice to get off your feet and enjoy a refreshing cup of fragrant Nescafé! Made in a jiffy, right in the cup. No bother. No coffee-pot to empty and wash up! Over whelming demand makes it impossible to supply all the Nescafé people want. However, available supplies are distributed fairly throughout the country; you may be lucky one day!

NESCAFÉ

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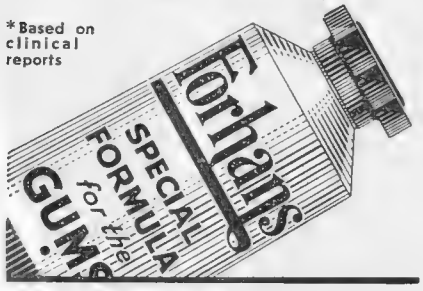
N.5B

*4 out of 5 may get Gum Trouble but not me!

Guard against—*Tender, Sore, Spongy and Bleeding Gums,* Dentists, for many years, have used Forhans astringent and reported completely satisfactory results. They also recommend Forhans Special Formula for the Gums Dentifrice for use at home because it contains the special ingredient of Forhans astringent. See your dentist regularly.

*Based on clinical reports



"Peace-time sounds nice Mummy—and CHIVERS JELLIES—SIMPLY LOVELY"

Elizabeth wanted to know, "*But mummy, when there's no more blackout, will there be no more night?*"

Peace days have to be described to the under sixes. Friendly lights twinkling from windows—streets ablaze with brilliance—summer holidays by the sea—parties—and luscious Chivers Jellies of many flavours. Ah! strange new world to them—unreal—like fairyland. Tell them about it, for there's a lot of joy in anticipation.

CHIVERS
& SONS LTD.
The Orchard Factory
HISTON · CAMBRIDGE

J.395

Cross Cable Sweater

(*Continued from page* 36)

from *, ending p. 5. **20th row.**—As 14th row.

Rep. 13th and 14th rows twice more. These 24 rows form patt. Work until 12½ ins. from the cast-on edge.

SHAPE ARMHOLES

Cast off 5 sts. at the beg. of the next 2 rows, then dec. 1 st. each end of every row until 100 sts. remain.

Work 4½ ins., ** then divide sts. for back opening.

Work in k. 1, p. 1 rib on the first 50 sts. for 2½ ins.

SHAPE SHOULDER

Cast off 10 sts. at the beg. of the next 2 armhole end rows. Cast off the remaining sts. in rib. Return to the last 50 sts. and work to correspond.

FRONT

Work as for the back from ** to **. Continue in k. 1, p. 1 rib for 2½ ins.

SHAPE SHOULDER

Cast off 10 sts. at the beg. of the next 4 armhole end rows.

SLEEVES

With No. 13 needles cast on 60 sts. Rib 2 ins. k. 1, p. 1. Change to No. 9 needles and work 1 patt. then inc. 1 st. each end of every row until 90 sts. Work without further shaping until 19 ins. from the beg. of the cast-on edge. Then cast off 1 st. at the beg. of every row until 42 sts. remain. Cast off.

UNDERWRAP

No. 13 needles. Cast on 8 sts. Rib 2¾ ins. k. 1, p. 1. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Press all parts with warm iron and damp cloth. Sew side shoulder and sleeve seams. Sew in sleeves, arranging fullness at the top of shoulder. Sew underwrap to left side. Work 2 button loops on right side. Sew on buttons.

END

Bed Jacket

(*Continued from page* 36)

SHAPE SHOULDER

Cast off 5 sts. at the beg. of the next 8 armhole end rows. Cast off the remaining sts.

RIGHT FRONT

With No. 8 needles cast on 63 sts. Work as for the back until 11 ins. from the cast-on edge.

SHAPE ARMHOLE (wrong side facing)

Cast off 10 sts. at the beg. of the next row, then dec. 1 st. in every row at this edge until 43 sts. remain. Work for 5 ins.

SHAPE NECK

Cast off 10 sts. at the beg. of the next neck edge row, then work for 2 ins. at the same time dec. 1 st. in every neck edge row, until 23 sts. remain.

SHAPE SHOULDER

Cast off 5 sts. at the beg. of the next 3 armhole end rows. Work back to armhole. Cast off 8 sts.

LEFT FRONT

Work as for the right front until 11 ins. from the cast-on edge.

SHAPE ARMHOLE (right side of work facing)

Cast off 10 sts. at the beg. of the next row, then dec. 1 st. in every row at this edge until 43 sts. remain. Work 5 ins.

SHAPE NECK

Cast off 10 sts. at the beg. of the next neck edge row. Then work 2 ins. at the same time, dec. 1 st. in every row at the neck edge until 23 sts. remain.

SHAPE SHOULDER

As for the left front.

SLEEVES

With No. 8 needles, cast on 103 sts. Work for 17½ ins. in patt., then cast off 2 sts. at the beg. of every row until 13 sts. remain. Cast off.

EDGINGS

With No. 12 needles, cast on 8 sts., rib in k. 1, p. 1. Work 2 strips 7 ins. long for sleeves. Cast off. Work 1 strip 74 ins. long for outer edge. Cast off.

COLLAR

With No. 8 needles, cast on 303 sts. K. 1st to 5th rows.

6th row.—K. 5, p. to last 5 sts., k. 5. Now work 14 rows patt., keeping 5 sts. at each end in plain knitting. Change to No. 12 needles. **Next row.**—K. 5, * k. 3 tog., k. 2 tog.; rep. from * to the last 8 sts., k. 3 tog., k. 5. Rib ½ in., k. 1, p. 1. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Press all parts with a warm iron and damp cloth. Sew the side shoulder and sleeve seams. Sew in sleeves. Sew edgings to sleeves. Sew edging to fronts and lower edges. Sew on collar. Stitch ribbon to tie to neck.

LARGE SIZE

Back. Cast on 133 sts. Work as for small size until 11 ins. from beg. **Shape Armholes.** Cast off 10 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows, then dec. 1 st. each end of every row until 83 sts. remain. Continue as for small size. **Fronts.** Cast on 73 sts. Work 11 ins. **Shape Armholes.** Cast off 10 sts. at beg. of next row, then dec. 1 st. in every row at armhole edge until 53 sts. remain. Continue as for small size. **Sleeves.** Cast on 113 sts. and work as for small size.

END

Shorty and Goliath

(*Continued from page* 12)

But Shorty dug in his heels. Any other night, he said, he'd climb through the skylight for three gents who had lost their key, with pleasure. But to-night, he said, was different. To-night he said, his time was money. To-night he had to earn three pounds eighteen and eightpence.

"We'll give it to you," said the three large gents.

They shouldered him up.

"Don't make a noise," they warned him. "Baby is asleep."

So Shorty climbed down into the darkened hall, and very quietly opened the front door and extended his hand for payment.

But the three gents brushed past him, took out their tools and went to work on a safe.

"Forgotten the combination," they told Shorty. Then they thrust a tray into his hand and began to load it with jewels.

Shorty was not a quick thinker but he could get there.

"Blimey!" he said. "You're burglars."

"That's right," said the three gents cordially. "And so are you."

"Cor," said Shorty. He backed. He backed into a burglar alarm. It functioned.

Like three large streaks of lightning the three gents made for the door. Shorty, the tray in his hands, got through a bad fourth. A candlestick came wavering towards him. Shorty thrust the tray at the figure looming behind, ducked, and, unencumbered, fled down the streets towards the bustling safety of the Earl's Court Exhibition.

Presently the police arrived. The jeweller showed them the loaded tray.

"Everything is saved," he said, "thanks to Shorty. What courage!"

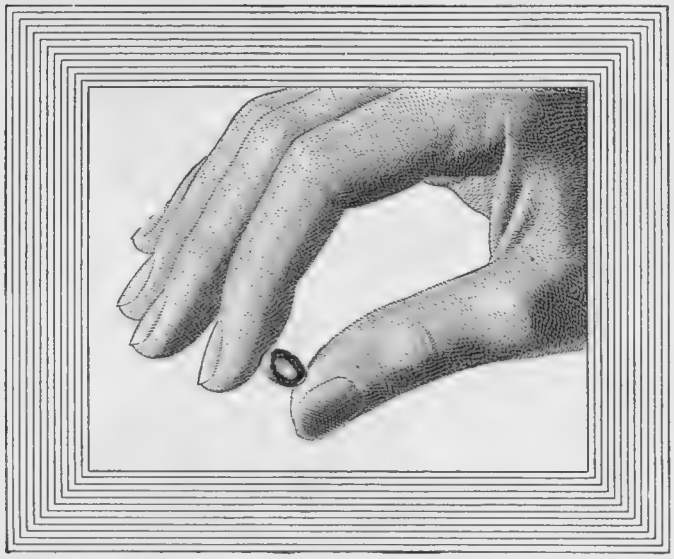
The sergeant nodded. "Frightened them off," he said. "Plucky."

"And chasing them," said the jeweller impressed. "I'm going to reward that boy. Didn't lose his head."

Once through the turnstiles Shorty joined the sauntering throng. They were sauntering towards a booth. Outside was a poster depicting a fist in a defiant attitude. Underneath was the challenge:

"FIVE POUNDS IF YOU CAN STAY THREE ROUNDS WITH THIS."

Five pounds! Shorty (*Continued on page* 56)



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This extra supply of vitamins A and D will work wonders in building up your resistance and stamina through this sixth wartime winter.

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"AYR" WOOLS

AYR WOOLS

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The familiar Lifebuoy and Sailor trade mark is considered by smokers everywhere as the symbol of all that is finest in Cigarette manufacture.

PLAIN OR CORK-TIPS

MEDIUM OR MILD

P.C.IV

tugged at his tie, swallowed twice, and marched himself in.

In the dressing-room a fat man in a sweater put Shorty into trunks and strapped a pair of boxing gloves on his hands. Shorty could hear the roar of the crowds through the curtains—then a thud. A moment later a man was carried in on a stretcher.

"Who's that?" said Shorty.

"You're on next," said the man in the sweater.

He trundled Shorty into the ring.

A sea of faces! Shorty managed to bow to them. He didn't half feel a fool. He didn't half feel chilly. He was glad Emma couldn't see him.

Blimey!

Goliath didn't ought to have brought a nice girl—not to a boxing match. Come to that, why wasn't Goliath having a go hisself?

Shorty's opponent came into focus.

He was!

"SECONDS out," said the referee.

They shook hands.

"Sorry, old pal," said Goliath. "I gotta do it."

He socked him.

SHORTY got off the stretcher and sat on a chair while the man in the sweater undid his boxing gloves.

"Cheer up, chum," he said. "'Tain't every one's cut out to be a fighter."

Shorty thought it over. He nodded.

There was a flurry outside the door. Emma dodged her way in. She knelt down beside Shorty. The man in the sweater looked the other way.

"All this for me," said Emma, touching his bruised cheek.

Shorty disengaged himself gently.

"No, Emma," he said. "I bin thinking. I won't do it. Not for you, Emma."

"Oh, Shorty," said Emma.

"You better marry Goliath," said Shorty. "He could look after you."

Goliath came in. He looked a little sheepish.

"Sorry, old man," he said.

"That's all right," said Shorty. "See you at the wedding."

He walked out.

Shorty and Goliath

You could get an awful lot of whisky for twenty-one and fourpence.

When Shorty came out of jail his landlady had stopped looking out of the window for him. So Shorty trudged up to his attic unobserved and lay on the bed.

Somebody had moved the dead geranium from the bamboo table by the window and put a wooden box there instead. Indignantly Shorty rose to investigate.

One hundred golden sovereigns in the wash basin—a reward for honesty.

Fifty golden sovereigns in the toothglass. From the grateful jeweller.

One thousand golden sovereigns in the wooden box. He'd won it. Him!

On the mantelpiece was a picture post-card. It showed a pair of happy honey-mooners at Clacton-on-Sea. Shorty turned it over. Emma and Goliath.

"Having a wonderful time," it said.

Shorty crossed to the window and gazed into the street. A pack of kids were playing hop-scotch. Idly Shorty picked up a golden sovereign and threw it to them. The kids took no notice.

He threw another.

One of the kids ran after it and came back gloating. The others crowded under the window and looked at Shorty appealingly.

Something came over Shorty. He dug his hands into the casket as far as they would go and cast the gold out of the window.

Suddenly the Portobello Road became very full outside Shorty's house. People were scrambling in the gutters. Others were running up.

Shorty went on throwing, quicker and quicker, more and more. When the casket was empty he turned to the basin and tilted that. Then he threw the toothglass, and the golden rain was over.

Flushed with exhausted triumph Shorty turned. Arms akimbo, his landlady was straddling the doorway.

"Fine goings on," she said. "I'll trouble you for my rent."

His rent! Triumph ebbed.

"'Arf a mo," said Shorty.

He ran down to the street and scrambled with the others.

END

A Fitting Match (*Continued from page 28*)

the rough with the smooth in marriage," she said quietly.

Olivia sat down at the table and, opening her writing-case, took up the sheaf of wedding telegrams. With suddenly smarting eyes she read the first: "For better or worse little daughter blessings." For better or worse, the rough with the smooth. Oh, Fa, her heart cried, would you want me to seek a man who has left me? Janet heard, in silence, the tale of confused and shattered hopes and with tender hand smoothed the dark hair, waiting until the storm of grief had passed.

"Don't let pride blind and confuse you," she said gently.

"But self-respect, nanny!"

"That consarns your own behaviour, no one else's."

"What shall I do?"

"Go back," said Janet steadily, "and find your husband."

At the village post office next morning, Olivia put through a call to London. The line clicked and gurgled and at last she spoke. "I want Dr. Bardwell, please."

"He's hout, madam."

"Oh. Is there any news of—of Captain Sheridan?"

"Going on nicely," came the reply. "He's leaving hospital to-morrow."

"Hospital?" she said faintly. "What hospital?"

"St. Crispin's, madam."

"Thank you, I—I didn't know—good-bye."

Derek was ill. A jab of fear drove her in desperate haste back to the cottage to throw things into a suitcase and catch the first train to London. It was crowded, and pressed into embarrassing proximity to complete strangers, Olivia collected her scattered thoughts. "The rough with the smooth, for better or worse"—the phrase kept time with the rhythm of the train. Had she failed thus early to face the rough, backed away from it like a coward?

At St. Crispin's Hospital she made inquiries of a porter at the entrance. The man consulted a list. "Captain Derek Sheridan? Left two hours ago, a tall officer, alone," he said.

Then at least he was well again; and would have returned to the doctor's house. Anxiety lessened a little, and half an hour later Olivia confronted Dr. Bardwell in his surgery.

"This is unexpected," he said dryly. "Won't you sit down?"

"Why unexpected?" she replied quickly. "Derek left St. Crispin's Hospital this morning and——"

"I'm sorry to hear it."

"Where is he?"

"I should like to know," he said. "I did not wish him to leave until to-morrow. He has gone, I imagine, to look for you."

"Where?"

"Where, indeed? I have telephoned your flat several times and yesterday wrote to you, hoping the letter would be forwarded."

Olivia moistened her dry lips. "You know that he—that Derek left me on our wedding night, walked out without explanation or reason?"

"And you went away, leaving no word, no address." (*Continued on page 58*)

Good News for Women of Action

Special efforts that have been made to meet the growing demand for Tampax are now achieving success and retail supplies are increasing rapidly. Real good news for women, who are working harder than ever before and cannot afford 'off days.' Tampax (*worn internally*) gives them full freedom of action *all the time*. Safe, simple and convenient, Tampax alone has the patented stitching process which ensures instant and complete removal.

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NO BELTS · NO PINS · NO PADS
TAMPAX LTD.
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ONE SOLDIER-MAN'S POST-WAR PLANS..

MRS M GRAY
7 ELM FARM ROAD
TOLCHESTER
SURREY ENG.
Dear Meg
The war goes well and with luck I hope to come back soon to you for good and all. Speaking selfishly, I do long for the comforts of civilization and look forward to those things that you and I have missed so . . . our mackintoshed rambles in the rain . . . the first crocuses at the end of the lawn . . . my books.
Ah, and speaking of books, I always carry a mental picture of my 'cosy corner' for reading . . . my leather chair, my slippers — and my TERRY ANGLEPOISE LAMP. That lamp was made for bookworms like me, and when you get me in that corner with that combination — chair, slippers, book and ANGLEPOISE — you'll never get me out of it again.
Yours Bill.
MAKE SURE THAT YOUR ADDRESS IS WRITTEN IN LARGE BLOCK LETTERS

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(Unobtainable until Victory)

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Sole Makers: HERBERT TERRY & SONS LTD. REDDITCH.

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Make no mistake about it—LIBBY'S *will* return—but not until Peace is won. Indeed the very reason for their absence is that LIBBY'S 100 Famous Foods★ are away feeding the fighting men who are winning the peace.

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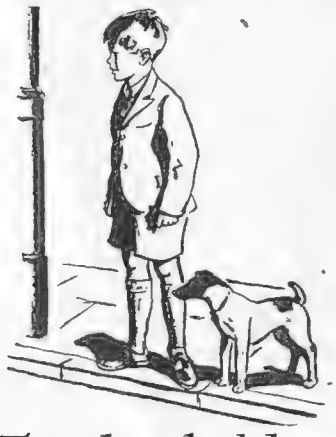


Teach children

KERB DRILL

See that they always do it and set a good example by doing it yourself.

△

1. *At the Kerb* **HALT**
2. **EYES RIGHT**
3. **EYES LEFT**

then if the road is clear

4. **QUICK MARCH**

Don't rush
Cross in an orderly manner

3.

"What could I think?"

"Forgive me, but did you think?"

She flushed hotly. "Can you explain Derek's behaviour?" she said. "What illness has he had?"

"You don't know?"

"Of course not!" she said sharply.

The doctor lit a cigarette, leaned forward, and his tone was less brusque. "Mrs. Sheridan, I have, perhaps unjustly, thought hardly of you during the last ten days. I did not know you were unaware that Derek is subject to attacks of malaria," he said.

Malaria? Was an attack of malaria sufficient cause to drive all thought of her existence from his mind and to explain his sudden disappearance from the hotel? Recalling the bitterness and humiliation of that night, no, her pride urged, it was not.

"Let me tell you what I know," Dr. Bardwell continued, "even if it sounds like a theatrical plot." He drew at his cigarette and appeared to choose his words carefully. "When he was opening up virgin jungle in the Province Wellesley in Malaya, Derek had a touch of blackwater fever and he's had recurring bouts of malaria ever since. I thought, on your wedding day, that he looked off colour and ought to have said so plainly. While he was dressing for dinner at the hotel Derek felt pretty bad and decided to go to a chemist's for quinine."

That would account for his absence when she called him.

"He came back, poured the contents of a bottle into a tumbler and drank it. He remembers it tasted queer, burned his throat and made him splutter. The bottle was labelled quinine all right, but what he drank was not quinine. It was raw alcohol."

From somewhere in the hinterland of her mind a confused memory stirred. "Go on," Olivia said.

"Such accidents occur perhaps once in a lifetime," the doctor hazarded. "I believe a warning of the mistake was actually broadcast that evening."

"In mistake for quinine a chemist's assistant. . . ." Light broke in. "Yes," she said. "Yes, I heard it."

"Derek was doped with undiluted spirit. A less virile constitution would probably have passed out then and there. He appears to have suffered a partial blackout but realized he was in a strange place and must get home. I had just returned from a night case and was having breakfast when he staggered in. His temperature was alarming, and I put him in hospital."

Was this solution too extravagant? She would not, did not wish to, question it. Hurriedly collecting gloves and bag, she said

A Fitting Match

good-bye to the doctor and in a fever of uncertainty went to her flat.

Yes, the caretaker told her, a tall officer had been to her flat and seemed put out at getting no answer; he, the caretaker, had mentioned that the post office were forwarding letters and might divulge her new address.

In that case Derek would go to Bronsmoor. There was something comic in this game of hide-and-seek; twelve days wasted; twenty-four hours left before they parted again. Olivia raced to Paddington and scrambled into a fast train. On arrival at Bronsmoor she half ran the distance between the station and the cottage, and with suffocating heart lifted the latch of the living-room door.

He rose from a chair by the fire and in the low room seemed to tower above her, massive, formidable. For a moment they stared at each other silently. Then she went towards him, but he did not move or speak, and her step faltered.

Anticipating their reunion, Olivia had conjured up a dramatic scene: Derek bowed down, murmuring apologies and regrets: herself, after suitable lapse of time, dispensing forgiveness. This dumb, strained look on his face, his stiffly erect and motionless figure, and the spectre of doubt hovering between them, had never been in the picture.

Heavy seconds ticked away, and again she grew aware of incomplete knowledge of her husband's character. Had he taken her in his arms, explanations could have waited. His silence bewildered and estranged her. The first move should come from him. She found no words with which to disperse the fog of constraint enveloping them.

"Olivia!" he said.

The sound of his voice—husky, strangely urgent—quenched the last flicker of her pride. For suddenly she knew he was afraid: afraid of her reactions, uncertain of the substance of her love, the extent of her faith in him: and all at once immeasurable relief merged into tender amusement at his inarticulate manhood. She stood on tiptoe to reach her hands to his shoulders, and her mouth trembled between laughter and tears.

With a muttered exclamation he swept her close. "I don't deserve to find you again," he said unsteadily, "but you understand, my sweet, what happened on our wedding day? Couldn't we make another beginning? Couldn't we start our honeymoon afresh?"

She lifted her face and in it the answer was plain. "Yes," she said softly. "Let's start again!"

END

On Duty—and Off

(*Continued from page 43*)

is the fat producing that "spare tyre" effect which ruins so many figures. Fat can be deposited around all the organs, especially the heart and liver.

Weight can be reduced by properly balanced food, and you must remember that even the best balanced diet cannot do the job properly unless it is combined with plenty of fresh air; secondly, by general or local exercise; thirdly, by massage, and occasionally by some form of glandular extract which should never, in any circumstances, be taken unless prescribed by a doctor.

Consider the question of food first of all. Lots of women have put on weight during the past four years because our wartime diet is apt to include too many starches, and we are definitely short of fats. The way to deal with this situation is to eat as many vegetables as possible, both cooked and raw, in salads, and to cut down the floury foods. During the winter it is especially important to make up for the shortage of fats by taking halibut liver oil or cod liver oil every single day after each meal. If you wish to lose weight drink plenty of water between meals and not much with your meals.

The trouble with exercise is that it takes a will of iron to continue with the daily dozen over a period of one year. I can let you have an exercise chart which includes localized exercises for neck, arms, stomach, hips, legs, ankles and feet, and a breathing exercise. You are welcome to this if you send me a stamped and addressed envelope.

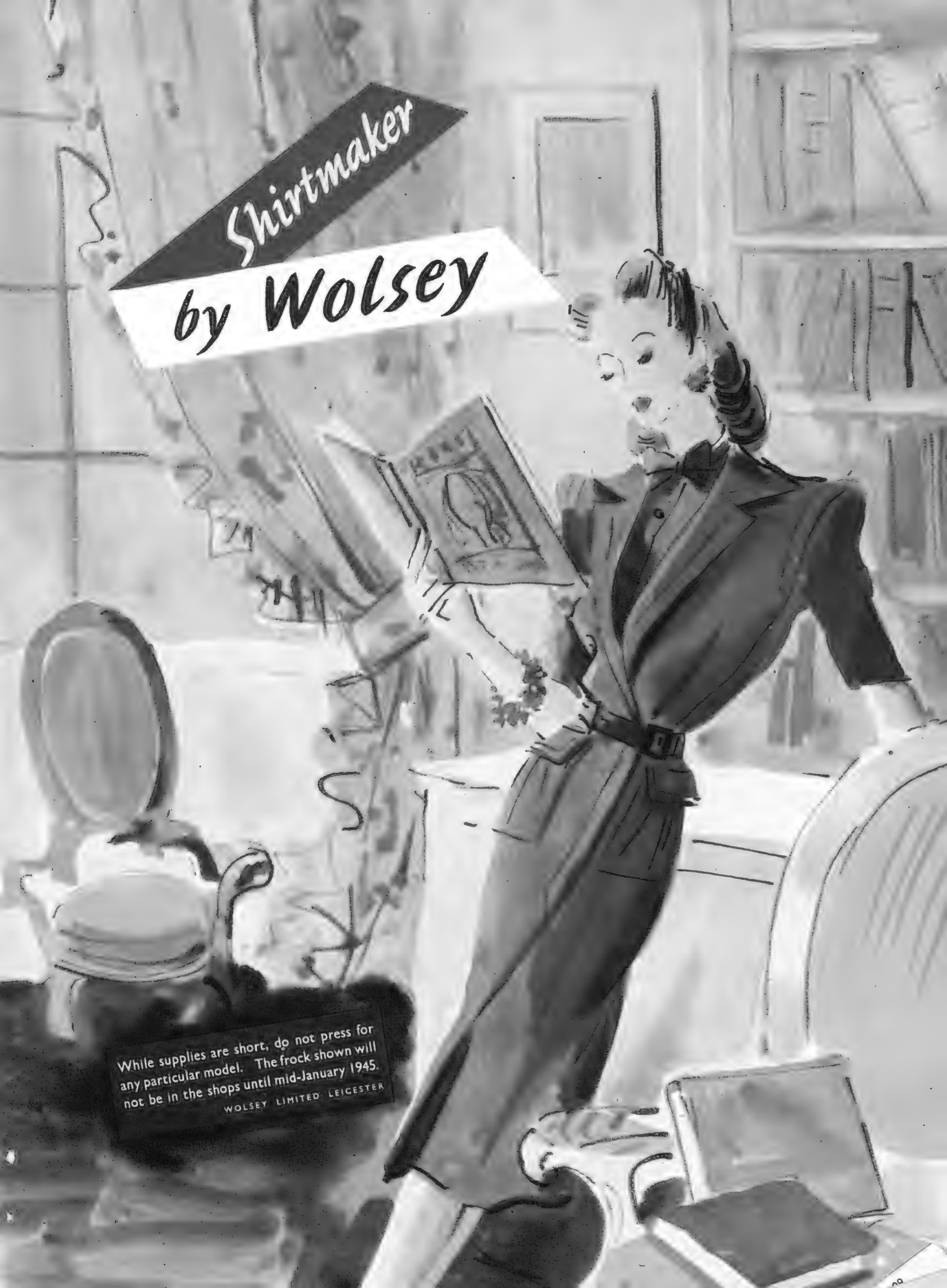
If I know my readers, the part of this discussion which will interest them most is the mention of the association between various glands and the increase or, of course, decrease of weight. It is now known that these glands can even affect the problem of superfluous hair. Your whole temperamental make-up, as well as your health, depends on the co-ordination and work of the endocrine glands.

A tremendous amount of research is going on, but, unfortunately, it has not yet reached the point where glandular therapy can solve your beauty problems.

END

A CORRECTION

In the article "Britain's Biggest Job," by C. Patrick Thompson, which appeared in the October issue, he made the statement that "Lord Mayor, Lord Astor of Plymouth, for instance, doesn't agree with the Plymouth Plan." He should have written: "Even in Plymouth which has produced a model plan, there are fundamental differences of view in the City Council on the principles and politics of planning."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by Wolsey
While supplies are short, do not press for any particular model. The frock shown will not be in the shops until mid-January 1945.
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Entrances and Exits

She is watched by a thousand eyes. She is living a thousand sensations. She is giving grace to a scene that has for so long been a part of her dreams. It's a day never to be forgotten—a day when above all others she would want to walk her best—with the ease and comfort, for instance, that Vani-Tred shoes give . . .

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Balanced Walking Shoes

CLASSIC

VANI-TRED SHOES (T.V.9) 17/18 OLD BOND STREET, LONDON, W.1. (WHOLESALE ONLY)

Haunted Homes of England

(*Continued from page 25*)

Marquis of Hartington, that the duke first made the acquaintance of the apparition, but its appearance has been reported on several later occasions. The duke was spending a holiday there, and occupied a room in the rectory.

"On going to my bedroom," he has stated, "I distinctly saw a figure standing at the door. It was dressed in nondescript clothes and was more or less clean shaven." He subsequently learned that the legend of a Bolton Abbey ghost has actually been discussed by other guests during the evening, though he had not been present and knew nothing of the story.

But other reports have indicated that the ghost is that of a monk, who haunts the abbey ruins as well as the rectory and hall. The wraith is said to be smaller than average height, and is stated to be that of an old man. It is a cowled ghost, wearing the customary garb of the medieval monks. It is somewhat unique by reason of its being solid and opaque, not transparent as most wraiths are reputed to be.

Some years ago, a terrifying ghost was successfully "laid" at Burton Agnes Hall, near Driffield. The incidents were apparently connected with a human skull which was kept in the hall for a long period. An old will stated that this relic was not to be removed, but a certain tenant defied this stipulation not so very many years ago.

Immediately, the house became the scene of alarming events. Objects were hurled about the apartments, horrible noises disturbed the quietness of this fine Elizabethan mansion, and there were various other manifestations of the presence of a malevolent ghost. The untoward happenings ceased only when the skull was replaced.

There have been other instances which tend to show that all ghost stories are not necessarily entire figments of imagination. London's most-haunted building, probably, is Hampton Court Palace, the scene of so many royal tragedies. Among the apparitions said to roam the apartments and corridors is that of Mistress Penn, foster-mother of the boy who became Edward the Sixth.

Her appearances have been reported many times, and when further statements regarding her hauntings were made, a number of years ago, they were not at first much noticed by officialdom. But the stories became so persistent that at last it was decided to investigate them.

In particular, it was stated that the hum of a spinning-wheel was to be heard in one apartment, though the room contained no such machine. Eventually, a secret room was located behind one of the walls. It contained an old spinning-wheel!

Another monastic property, nowadays incorporated in a residence, is Watton Abbey, in the East Riding. Here is another ghost story with a certain amount of historic backing. The tenants were supporters of the Royalist cause during the Civil Wars, and to this mansion came a band of Roundheads.

To evade them, the lady of the house secreted herself and her child in a hidden chamber, but the Roundheads discovered a culvert that gave entry to the hiding place. They put both the refugees to death—and thus helped to create the modern tradition that Watton Abbey nowadays is haunted by the ghosts of these victims. The culvert has, indeed, been located.

There seems, in fact, to be no end to the list of such tales. Some of the properties taken over by the National Trust, in recent years, have had their ghost stories further perpetuated as a result. East Riddlesden Hall, Airedale, which was acquired by the Trust in 1934, now has an allegedly haunted room, and similar reports have circulated regarding other Trust properties.

The general attitude towards such stories may be one of scepticism, but they do lend additional romance to Britain's historic houses and halls. Particularly is this so at Christmas, the traditional "ghost season."

END

Fireside Christmas

(*Continued from page 13*)

war zone now." The hood was a problem, but she's adding the necessary Arctic touch by tacking her two-skin fox tie to frame brother's face and cover his tin hat.

She had been stimulated into efforts for a full-dress Christmas because this is the first she has spent at home with her two children for many years. Five years she spent in Africa with her husband, in the Government service. The weather there was always seasonable, dry *harmattan* winds, and cold enough to have a fire. In the up-country stations they'd have a party, four or five men to one woman, spend the evening outside round a big bonfire of logs, singing and wetting dry throats and singing again, and then go in late, not before 10 p.m., to another big fire, and dinner served by African "boys" in white tunics and long pants, blue cummerbund, dark red fez caps, and no shoes. A real Xmas dinner, soup or grapefruit, turkey, hot plum pudding out of a tin and drenched in burning brandy, sweets, liqueurs, coffee, and crackers—lots of crackers, which thrilled the "boys," who collected all the bits afterwards, and wore the paper caps. In the more civilized places, the party might run to twenty, and they danced, and might sing too—the "tone" of the party depended on the host.

She thought that at her home party this Christmas she would start some singing. But it might depend on the amount of Xmas spirit existing within as well as without. She was finding supplies of the former very limited and hard to get.

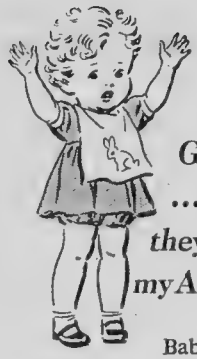
It's true that whisky and champagne are shorter than ever. At the West End store where they have a points system for rationing wines and spirits, whisky, which used to be twelve points a bottle, is now twenty-four, a whole month's allowance, while a bottle of brandy takes thirty-six or six weeks' points. On the other hand, sherry is now off points, and one can have two bottles a month, either of South African sherry, at 12s., or Spanish at 15s. a bottle.

In spite of those Food Ministry relaxations and shipments, our sixth wartime Christmas dinner will still be rather on Mrs. Cratchet's scale—with the difference, of course, that whereas in Mrs. Cratchet's world there was plenty of good fare and good wine available, but a scarcity of money to obtain it (Mrs. Cratchet pinching a penny here and there from Mr. Cratchet's fifteen bob a week), in our war world there is plenty of money, but a scarcity of such good things as tropical fruits, plump turkeys, barons of beef, boar's heads, hams, Stilton or indeed any kind of cheese, brandy and wines, butter, and the old-fashioned or shell eggs.

But I'm told on authority that poultry will be more plentiful. There should be more turkeys than last year. Some may be shipped over from Italy, which pre-war vied with Ireland in supplying our Christmas market. If what I saw last September in Ulster and Eire fields and farmyards is any gauge, we should not be short of fat ducks and geese.

I have picked my Ulster goose on a friend's farm for fattening for Christmas—I would give two medium turkeys for one fat goose any Christmas. And goose is something to have cooked in a home and not a restaurant or hotel kitchen.

One of the best I ever had was in Holland. The goose, explained my hostess—who herself superintended the preparation and cooking—was too fat for mere (*Continued on page 62*)



Goodness! ... it's time they brought my Allenburys

Baby's first years are vital to future development and health. See that feeding is adequate to meet growing demands. Allenburys Milk Foods are not merely dried cows' milk. They are made from fresh full-cream milk enriched with essential minerals and so skilfully Humanised as to be practically identical with mothers' milk. A Practical Book on Baby Care is offered to every mother or mother-to-be upon request. Send 2½d. in stamps to Allen & Hanburys, Ltd., London, E.2.

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FOODS FOR INFANTS

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Supplies are now available in Strictly Limited Quantities

A sweet course *special*

It used to be so easy to have refreshing variety, when all you had to do was to open a tin of sparkling DEL MONTE Fruit Cocktail or fragrant DEL MONTE Bartlett Pears or any other delicious DEL MONTE variety. Those times will come again.

Meanwhile, DEL MONTE offer this recipe to help you to add healthfulness and pleasurable eating to your meals in another way, and so make up in some measure for the DEL MONTE you are missing for the time being.

FRUIT FROLIC

2-lb. jar sweetened plums, pears, cherries, greengages or stewed fresh fruit, 1 shell egg, 1 reconstituted dried egg, 1 oz. sugar, ½ oz. powdered gelatine, ½ pint juice from the fruit, a few drops almond or vanilla essence.

Place stoned fruit in the bottom of a dish, reserving some for decoration. Soak the gelatine in 1 tablespoon cold water. Stir in the fruit juice. Warm gently to dissolve gelatine. (Do not boil.) Add the egg yolk to the reconstituted egg, sugar and essence. Beat together. Stir the hot (not boiling) liquid into this egg mixture. Whip the egg white very stiff. Pour the fruit-juice mixture into it. Stir once or twice and pour over the fruit. When firm enough, decorate with the fruit reserved for the purpose.

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roasting. First, it was slowly boiled to extract the surplus fat. Then the succulent bird was drained, cooked, stuffed with slices of fresh peeled apple and dried apricots, peaches, figs, raisins and dates, all made into a mash with butter and spices, and quickly browned in the oven. The vegetables served with it were beets, mashed potatoes, cucumbers and sauerkraut. Braised mushrooms with veal preceded the main goose. I breakfasted frugally on coffee and toast, and walked ten miles before midday dinner, to ensure against falling into a coma after that feast.

My goose this Christmas will be plain roasted, the inside rubbed with salt and pepper, the skin fork-pricked, the stuffing made of soft breadcrumbs, minced onion, parsley and celery (the latter the predominant flavour, stressed by a generous dash of celery salt), all moistened and mashed with milk and melted butter (good-bye, half the week's ration). It will be cooked in a slow oven in an uncovered pan holding a little hot water (no grease).

I expect to put in a morning's work in my garden, and sawing logs, to earn that goose, brought to a virgin palate, and followed by Christmas pudding and mince pies, cheese, dessert pears and apples (home garden produce), Kent cob nuts, almonds (don't ask where I got those from), a bottle of Clicquot between two, and all we want of a bottle of Cockburn 1912, which, if this Christmas follows the pattern of last, will be all of it. A walk, weather permitting, some music, and a book. That will be my home Christmas if I have my way, and am in England on December 25.

If I couldn't earn my banquet physically, I'd prefer a Christmas dinner of oysters, and half a wood-grilled chicken with a salad, and cheese. Give me that, and anybody can have soup, fish, turkey, Christmas pudding and all the etceteras.

If we develop into a party—it can happen—we shall leave the champagne in its straw home (what's a bottle among four or five?), and indulge in pre-dinner viking punch. True, the vikings' *bior*, god-given nectar which could be drunk by heroes in Valhalla from the skulls of their enemies for ever, was not exactly like our wartime beer. But we have to make do with what we have got.

You boil a quart of ale gently until it foams, stir in grated nutmeg, ginger and cinnamon, a quarter-ounce of each, add a half-bottle of sherry, sugar, and the juice and peel of a lemon (a friend in Italy may send you one), leave the brew to infuse for half an hour, then hot up, pour into the wassail bowl, and float in two baked apples and two slices of thick toast.

Mistletoe is reported in better supply. This is good news for those who believe, with the old pagans, that it symbolizes everlasting life, contains magic, and, hung up in the house, will ward off evil spirits. It is even better news for those who welcome Xmas as an opportunity for promiscuous kissing—a mistletoe custom deriving from ancient Celtic rites.

I am told that the larger supply is due to better organization at the searching-and-collecting end. There's a popular idea that mistletoe only grows on the oak. In fact, it prefers apple and hawthorn trees. It picks an oak so rarely that when it was found growing on that tree the Druids—who held it in veneration—reserved it for their highest rites. Fruit-eating birds plant it on the trees by wiping the sticky seeds off their bills against the bark.

There should be also an adequacy of holly, the holy tree. Its use goes back to the old pagan Roman practice of bringing evergreens into the house to harbour the sylvan spirits during the winter cold. It was a gesture of luck. You do the nature gods a good turn when you can; they'll reciprocate when you want sun and rain to be kind at sowing, growing and harvest time.

And despite the wood shortage there will be no shortage of Christmas trees—though there may be a shortage of things to hang on them, and a complete absence of tinsel and coloured glass balls, without which in the old days a tree might be a tree but certainly not a Christmas tree.

Some of the trees come from farmers and nurserymen who grow a hundred or two or a few thousands on a patch of poor soil—all they cost is a few shillings for a thousand seedlings plus his toil, planting, manuring and weeding. If the selling price isn't good one season, the grower can wait—his crop won't die on him. But most come now as thinnings from large plantations. One acre of new fir forest may have a hundred thousand seedlings. Only a small proportion of these can find room to grow, so sooner or later the excess has to be cut out. As firewood, a little tree is not worth cartage cost. As a Christmas tree—well, you'll know when you go out to buy your tree on December 23 or 24. President Roosevelt never buys a tree. His gardener pulls one from the Roosevelt ninety-acre Christmas-tree plantation, a profitable section alongside his Hyde Park family estate.

END

A Personal Check-up

(*Continued from page* 16)

how anxious Mussolini was never to let a strong League be formed. It would also be interesting, if humiliating, to realize as well how many of us applauded what we called Mussolini's *realism* in those days—in his tirades against the "talkers at Geneva."

AS a professional foreign newspaper correspondent, I have belonged to both of the above schools: the Realist and the Idealist. I thought myself more of a superior person, however, when I was writing and criticizing my own dispatches as a member of the first school—the hard-boiled realist (as I saw myself) than as a member of the latter school—the soft and impractical idealist. It was a long time before it occurred to me that I had better resign from both schools, admit my folly of so much conclusion-jumping—*and start to grow again.*

Checking up on oneself along such lines, and realizing that no *seed-idea*—not even Christianity—can ever be precisely the same as it was in the mind of the original man who first thought of it, the spectacle of progress in reaching international agreements then comes into your mind as something strikingly similar to that of the evolution of the human race itself.

And it seems just as slow. You can't jump steps in human evolution. And you can't jump many steps in political evolution. We are just beginning to realize that now. Example: At the Paris Peace Conference in 1919 it was thought that in the space of a few months the world's best statesmen, in conference there, could agree upon a set of decrees which would make—and keep—the peace of Europe. More than that, President Woodrow Wilson, with his stubbornly persisted-in idea of the "rights of self-determination," was absolutely confident that once that right was given to all the conglomerate and constantly warring races (not nationalities) in all Europe, they would then no longer have anything left to fight about. We know, now, the result: the right of self-determination increased all the evils of nationalism. There is not one case on record, so far as I am aware, where it abolished one of them. Obviously, the 1919 idea of stepping-up political evolution was a failure.

We have just reached that point now. Churchill has repeatedly warned the world *not* to press for, and base its hopes on, what must be—just because of this *time factor* in political progress—premature agreements. We saw how, at Dumbarton Oaks, Britain, Russia, the United States reached "90 per cent" agreement—which (*Continued on page* 64)

No — not if it's Votrix. Votrix is the best vermouth obtainable, equal in quality to any of the formerly imported Continental vermouths. In these times of scarcity it could be sold at more than twice the present price but the producers have no need to do so. Everyone knows that in wartime, price is not always an indication of value. Votrix (sweet or dry) at 8s. 6d. the bottle, is the price of Britain's Best Vermouth.

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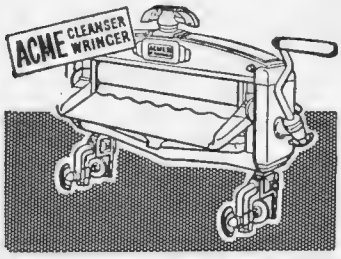

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means they did not reach any real, immediate agreement—except on the will to agree.

A 90 per cent agreement on the Big Three's agreements as to how they would combine to stop a war is no more effective than a man who swims 90 per cent of the way back to a boat—after he has fallen overboard at sea. Unless he makes that other 10 per cent, he will never get there.

The difference in this simile is that in the 90 per cent passage of the Big Three, the *process* of working towards an international body for keeping the peace is still kept afloat. It is still kept alive. And it need not drown like that man in the ocean.

Now that carries an individual to a static position—literally an expectant point of view. He is waiting for something. What is it? Naturally, he is waiting to see what his country's *policy* is going to be.

And now we come to the crux of the matter—it is now being realized that the people of a country *must* be consulted where its foreign policy is concerned.

That used not to be the case at all. The British and the French Foreign Offices made agreements over Morocco, of which even the British Parliament was not aware. Some time prior to the last war, when the French naval authorities and the British Admiralty began to hold serious, then alarming discussions concerning the Kaiser's race in naval building-programmes against Great Britain, the two great bodies of admirals worked out an agreement—involving practically a political alliance between Britain and France—whereby the bulk of the French fleet was to be kept in the Mediterranean and the British in the North Sea. The British were thereby entrusted with the protection of the northern French coast.

This naval agreement—which, on the surface, seemed merely the strategic disposition of ships, and was with unquestionable honesty regarded in that light by the British Admiralty—was kept from even the British Cabinet. Even they didn't know. Yet when it was made known, it was declared by the most realistic among Britain's statesmen, Winston Churchill, to be tantamount to an Anglo-French military alliance. Because, he said, the British had permitted the French to withdraw their fleet to the Mediterranean, if Germany attacked France, she would certainly seize the Channel ports. And Britain had given her word, by that strategic disposition of fleets, to protect those ports.

If you don't believe that public opinion *must* be consulted regarding foreign policy (and I dare say there are a lot of pin-striped diplomats in Downing Street who still don't think it necessary), what about the way public opinion in this country killed intervention in Russia after the last war? No more unarguable example could be cited; and no example needs less argument to prove it.

So in the long run it is you who must make up your mind. It is you—in the aggregate—who finally decide *not* upon what foreign policy your country will propose, necessarily, but upon what foreign policy your country will eventually *carry out*.

And this is where, as I said when I began, the personal political check-up is such an essential thing. That is why every Briton or American should take a live interest in world affairs to-day—and make up his mind where he himself stands: what you will have to say about your country's policy. For you—whether you want it or not—really have the last word.

END

A Personal Check-up

The Magic of Snow

(*Continued from page 20*)

continuous mass. Perhaps a particular type of snow crystal aids this process. Then a gentle but continuous wind slowly pushes the snow off its supporting surface, except at each end, until at length it hangs in a graceful garland.

Another rare snow form, and perhaps the most interesting of all, is the "snow roller." This is the name given to cylindrical masses of snow, like outsize Swiss rolls, hollow at both ends, which very occasionally are seen lying in hundreds, and sometimes thousands, on a flat expanse of snow.

Snow rollers vary in size from a diameter of six inches or so up to that of a small barrel with a diameter of three or four feet. Often the edges are as true as though they had been turned in a lathe. Leading to each roller is a trough from which the snow forming the roller has been removed. The edges of the trough, like the roller itself, are often cut as clean as a knife edge.

How does nature form these muffs of snow? This is how the American authority on meteorology, Charles F. Talman, describes the process:—

> "The rollers are formed with a layer of light fluffy snow, when the temperature of the air is a trifle above the freezing point. Each is seen to lie at the end of a long trough in the snow, marking the path along which the rolling has occurred. The trough tapers in diameter, being broadest next the roller and narrowest at the point where the rolling began. These wind-made snowballs are generally fashioned at night and first seen in the early morning. . . .
>
> "Several scientific discussions of this phenomenon have been published, but the explanations thus far offered all leave something to be desired. There is no mystery in the fact that, when snow is especially cohesive, a small snowball should be rolled by the wind into a big one. The difficulty is to explain the formation of the initial mass; and not merely one such mass, but hundreds or thousands on the level surface of a single field."

But snow does not confine itself to the occasional formation of coloured snow, outsize snowflakes and weird designs—sometimes it gathers itself together and, in an all-but-irresistible flood, sweeps all before it. There are few more awe-inspiring sights and sounds in nature than an avalanche.

An avalanche occurs when a mass of snow which has been pent up on a mountainside loses its hold and hurtles down. The snow involved in a big avalanche may amount to over a million cubic yards and weigh thousands of tons. Such a mass can cause enormous damage.

At Wellington, in the Cascade Range in the United States, an avalanche fell on a railroad station. Three large locomotives, several carriages, a water tank *and* the station building were swept over a ledge into a canyon 150 feet below. Ninety people were killed.

Strange as it may sound, it is not the snow which is the most frequent cause of avalanche destruction, but the wind blast which is set up by the mass of swiftly moving snow, which attains a speed at times of nearly 200 miles an hour. The mass of snow pushes the air in front so that it spreads to the sides as well as the front, and the snow also sucks air from behind.

Some astonishing effects are caused by this avalanche blast. Frequently the tops of trees in the path of an avalanche are snapped off, although the snow itself does not reach so high. Sometimes the lateral components of avalanche blast uproot trees hundreds of yards on either side of the avalanche. Thirty summer chalets were seen to disintegrate through the impact of the blast from an avalanche which came to rest 200 yards away.

Perhaps the greatest destruction caused by an avalanche wind occurred in 1819. Part of an Alpine glacier fell over a precipice and landed on an area which was uninhabited. But the houses in the nearby village of Randa were scattered like chaff by the terrific blast of air pushed ahead by the mass of glacier ice as it plunged over the precipice. The steeple of a stone church was flung to the ground and heavy millstones were tossed about like leaves in an autumn gale. The village was almost totally destroyed.

END

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New Men in Europe

(*Continued from page 29*)

Moscow; there's Pietro Nenni, the Socialist leader, and Randolfo Pacciardi, on a good thing as Republican Party leader; and there is the great novelist, Silone, of *Fontamara* fame. And Modigliani, champion of the murdered Matteoti, who came near bringing Mussolini down twenty years ago.

I'm not writing a political tract. These are the men who have come forward in Italy whether you like it or not; though whether they'll last is another matter. But it would have been odd indeed if the pendulum had not swung well away.

Holland's new men, three in number, are still "under-divers" at this writing, hiding from the Nazis, so cannot be mentioned by name. But one who can be mentioned with a new aura is Queen Wilhelmina, for living the Orange motto, *Je Maintiendrai*. From London, too, Foreign Minister Van Kleffens will become a European figure.

The personal picture is still more incomplete in respect of Norway, Denmark, Austria and nearly all the Balkans.

Austria has not yet ceased producing men of mark, even in her shrunken state, and I at any rate shall be surprised if somebody does not come up there. Tito, of course, rises clear out of the Balkans. Bootmaker or blacksmith, I forget which, he was lucky to be wanted both by Churchill and Stalin. Tito may well be a test case of whether Communism means to oust every one else if it can. In wartime, this is strenuously denied and Tito's teaming along with his Premier, Dr. Subasitch, is an instance of what might be done in peace, which is likewise a struggle, if men were better balanced than they are.

And if they did not mix up the two worlds so dizzily, the present and the ever-veiled hereafter.

In Prague, the impulse for new men is stronger than in most capitals. But these are still under cover, except for Dr. Nemec. President Benes intends to give the tone by resigning and not even he may be vouchsafed another spell. But Jan Masaryk has come forward internationally and with his name should loom. Of Poles, what can one say yet save mention Mikolajczyk, London Premier, and Bierut, chief at Lublin? Oh, what a loss was Poland's Sikorski! As for Russia, they seem to have a fairly static team. Beyond the party leaders, the emphasis is on Red Marshals and heroes and heroines of the Soviet Union. It is hard to spot new names other than those of the victorious soldiers, although mention is indicated of probably the outstanding publicist of the war: Ilya Ehrenburg.

And if there comes a turnover in Spain, the Spaniard we shall hear most of will also be a soldier: General Rojo, head of the Republican Army and an outstanding intellectual into the bargain. He is safely outside.

If new men were lying low in Germany—like executed Mayor Goedeler of Leipzig—Himmler has been having his last sanguinary field-day at their expense. As for later, it is devoutly to be hoped that the United Nations will take surface helpers in the vein of Stresemann with chunks of salt.

General de Gaulle, of course. Professional politicians and money-power nabobs fail to realize how the peoples want men who are disinterested, adaptable yet forceful, and with a clean copy-book. President of the Fourth Republic, and thus somewhat *au-dessus de la mêlée*, would best suit de Gaulle, and it is a pity that we shall never now salute a man of equal magnetism as chief magistrate of the United States. Willkie was certainly the new man there. But this examination is confined to Europe.

Schoolmaster, leader-writer, corporal and leader of the underground, Foreign Minister Georges Bidault will, at forty, be a most interesting figure to watch as he tries to reconcile advanced social doctrines with submission to the Church. At the Quai d'Orsay his model is Briand, "the pilgrim of peace," whose last thoughts were of a United States of Europe.

Judging by the past, a France in flux throws up men who come and go. Who shall tell the survivors among this company of newcomers? Louis Saillant, trade union leader and Bidault's successor as head of the continuing National Committee of Resistance. Saillant looms in the organization of labour, as Lepercq does in the industrial showdown. D'Astier, poet and trust-buster, was de Gaulle's first Minister of the Interior. André Tollet, shy young man who led the Paris uprising, is installed municipally in the capital. Giacobbi, a Corsican M.P., is striving to put France back on her feet, economically. Finally, Thorez, upon whom the Communists insist as leader, though at this writing he is still in bad with de Gaulle, ostensibly as a deserter from the 1939 Army.

The new man I'm most looking forward to is the fellow who will liberate England and give it back some of its quaffing fun. It was good enough for those who made the country great.

END

Joy To The World

(*Continued from page 19*)

"My name is Mark Raven."

"Mark! Mark!" Brother Hilary seized him and drew him in and put him in his own chair by the fire. "I thought I knew your voice. Don't you know me?"

"I'm blind."

'Even so! I'm Hilary Blount—you know me now?"

"Hilary!" The blind man's face brightened. "Well, think of that! And what are you doing here? You're a monk. I could feel the rough stuff of your cassock and I hear your beads clacking. So this is where you got to! I often wondered about you, and, come to think of it, this is a logical place for a chap like you—always a bit of a mystic, always a dreamer and a poet."

"Yes, this is where I am, Mark. I'm so glad to see you, old friend. And you—what have you——"

"Everything's gone from me, Hilary. I'm done, finished. I hoped to be a great actor, you know—another Garrick, Kean, Booth—look at me now!"

"Yes," said Brother Hilary gently. "Yes, Mark, I see. But you're not at all finished. Your plays—you were writing plays. You don't need to stop that. You can see beautiful things and put them down on paper, even if you're blind."

"No." Mark Raven shook his head. "No. Everything ended for me the day at Tobruk when I got—this."

"There was a girl, Margaret," said Hilary.

"Margaret?" Raven laughed. "Do you think I could wish anything like this on Margaret Howe? A helpless, useless, broken and——"

"Did Margaret send you away or——?"

"I never gave her the chance. I wouldn't have her marry me through pity——"

"If she loved you, it wouldn't matter, Mark."

"Good God, Hilary! How can you——"

Inigo Watt, who had been watching the two younger men from his bench in the corner, coughed and made a clatter with his brogues.

"Is there someone else here, Hilary? Why the devil didn't you——"

"It's Sir Inigo Watt," said Hilary. "And ——" A small hand covered his mouth for a moment. He looked puzzled, then light burst upon him. "Oh," he said, "oh, I'm sorry, Mark. I was so glad to see you again that I forgot. This is Mark Raven, Sir Inigo—an old comrade of mine."

Inigo came and shook hands with the blind man. "You've come to a good place, Mr. Raven," he said. "Our friend, Brother

For good curry use a good Curry Powder. To make: Melt 1 oz. dripping in a pan. Add chopped onion; fry till brown. Add tablespoon Goodall's Curry Powder, mix well. Cut up ½ lb. left-over meat, fry for 3 mins. Add teacupful of meat stock, cook slowly for 25 mins., stir well. Season. Throw rice into rapidly-boiling salted water, boil for 12 mins., stirring all the time. Add a breakfastcup of cold water, bring to boil again. Drain and dry in oven.

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Hilary, is a tonic and could cure any ailment but the sort we suffer from. All that you feel, I feel too. I have my sight, but the eyes of my soul are blind."

"No," said Brother Hilary. "No, to both of you."

"Not to me, Hilary," said Mark. "I loved the sunrise and sunset, the autumn woods, the gleam of a brook among the trees, the faces of children, the pictures in the fire, the snow on the spruce trees—I'll never see these things again—never. Only blackness, emptiness——"

"Oh, Mark! Mark! You used to play well. What about your music?"

"I've never touched the keyboard since."

"You must. You'll have to try, Mark. Find your Margaret again, and I think you'll find she wants you too. You can be happy. You can be glad——"

"Good old Hilary!" There wasn't much bitterness in Mark's laughter nor in his voice when he said:

"'For Hilario may come and go,
As to-morrow and to-day;
But the kind am I that shall live
and die,
And be glad he passed this way.'

That's you all over, Hilary."

"Yes." Brother Hilary laughed too. "Yes, I suppose that describes me, Mark. I'll be glad I passed this way. So must you be—and you, too, Sir Inigo. You must never forget the lovely hours, Mark. They were real. They meant something. They weren't just to be lived, then forgotten. You used to tell me of a garden where you walked with your Margaret."

Mark smiled. "So I did, Hilary. You were a patient listener always. That garden——"

"Can't you still smell it—the roses and stock and mignonette? Try, Mark."

Mark Raven stiffened, scenting the air. "What—what is this?" he demanded. "There's someone else here—someone——"

"Yes, Mark." Margaret knelt and put her arms about his neck; she drew his head to her and kissed his lips. "I'm here. I've hunted for you everywhere. To-night I heard you had been seen near St. Giles, and Sir Inigo—I work for him—was kind enough to bring me down. Don't hurt me any more, Mark. Don't believe anything but that I love you and want you."

"Margaret!" said Mark. "Margaret."

The chapel bell rang out. "Midnight," said Brother Hilary. "There's the bell for the Mass. I must get to my organ. God bless you all, my friends, and a Merry, Merry Christmas to you—and Joy to the world. I'll see you after the Mass."

They heard his sandals on the worn tiles. They sat in silence for a while after he had gone.

"Joy to the world," said Inigo Watt. "It's easy for him to talk. He never had his home smashed to bits, his wife and children killed."

"He did," said Mark Raven. "And that, while he was fighting in Africa, fighting as few men ever fought. You must have heard of Hilary Blount—he was a real one, Hilary—got the V.C. and all. But it's a bit thick when he lays down the law to me—he doesn't know what it is to live in darkness."

"He does," said Margaret softly. "He knows. He's blind."

She held tightly to Mark's arm as he stood up. Sir Inigo smiled and said: "Well done, Margaret. There are such things as love and constancy—I believe." And far off, from the great abbey, they heard the glory of the music that Brother Hilary played:

"Joy to the world,
The King has come.
Let every heart rejoice."

Aye, Joy to the world, for so has it ever been that the clangor of arms, the thunder of cannon, the hideous cacophony of battle shall be drowned out by sweet voices that sing to God; so is it that out of this present agony pure Joy shall come, so must it ever be that man, finding only futility in his poor efforts at greatness, must turn to the great King, with whom alone are Joy and Peace abiding.

END

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Books (*Continued from page 41*)

"New England Village," in the "New York Times." It inspired her to write the story of a typical family of the kind she knew so well in "a village still unchanged in its outward attributes, yet taking a major part in the war effort, both through its sons and daughters who have joined the armed forces and through its less privileged citizens who have had the quiet courage to carry on at home." "Also the Hills" (Eyre & Spottiswoode, 12s. 6d.) is a solid family chronicle on a packed canvas of 480 pages which will satisfy those who like to live in a book for a fortnight rather than skip through one in a couple of evenings.

MR. W. TOWNEND fills a big canvas, too. He opens "The Fennelfords" (Rich & Cowan, 8s. 6d.) with a list of more than ninety characters, modestly adding "Etc." to cover the Also Rans! Dominating the crowd, we see Mrs. F. busying herself with her children's love affairs and concluding—after the shock of a bombing and a straight talk from her head gardener—that her values may be somewhat amiss, since they had nearly ruined the lives of two sons. Here we have an English family in the war, neatly portrayed.

IN re-creating the time of Christ, is it wise to use an idiom so modern that your characters say things like "Hullo," "Don't be silly," "You are a darling," "I might have been looking like anything"? Personally, I prefer one a little nearer the scriptural, but that does not prevent my appreciating the dramatic force of an ambitious first novel —Mr. John Brett Robey's "The Innovator" (Faber, 10s. 6d.)—in which he is concerned mainly with the events preceding the Passion and their effect on the lives and loves of typical Jews who were suspicious of Innovations that menaced relations with Rome. One might find a less appropriate book for Christmas; few with stronger spiritual interest.

FRENCH family life, before and during the war, is the background of Miss Anne Green's "Just Before Dawn" (Hurst & Blackett, 10s. 6d.). She focuses it through the experiences of a U.S. girl who grew up in France, wanted to be more French than the French, fell in love with a French mining engineer, and joined him in serving his country after its fall. If you loved cross-Channel jaunts in the peace years, as I did, you will find absorption—and memories—in this nostalgic story.

LOVERS of the gay, romantic, "Egad!" type of historical novel will favour Miss G. B. Lancaster's "Grand Parade" (John Lane, 10s. 6d.) portraying the Halifax, Nova Scotia, of 1800, gallant ensigns, dimpled girls, and admirers who can call them "My Queen of the World" without getting something thrown at them.

FOR primitive, swift-moving exploits with hunters and bandits in Soviet Asia, and tough love interest, there is Georgi Tushkan's "The Hunter of the Pamirs" (Hutchinson, 9s. 6d.), translated from the Russian by Gerard Shelley. Hunters and bandits will love it. Quite a lot of armchair folk, too.

AS for dear old Mrs. Bradley, the psychiatrist amateur sleuth who tackles a Highland murder mystery, this time, in Miss Gladys Mitchell's "My Father Sleeps" (Michael Joseph, 8s. 6d.), one could have worse company at Christmas than this matter-of-fact dame who in her dealings with crooks somehow reminds me of Mary Kingsley in Darkest Africa poking a stray leopard with her umbrella and saying: "Be off, you silly!"

HERE is a list of other books which will repay the attention of readers:—

"Many A Flower," by Alexandra Dick (Hurst & Blackett, 10s. 6d.). A novel dealing with one of the most important historical events, the French Revolution.

"She Fell Among Actors," by James Warren (Collins, 7s. 6d.). Another exciting thriller by the author of "No Sleep At All" and "Prowl No More, Lady." Vastly entertaining as well as a really baffling mystery.

"A Bomb and a Girl," by Hugh Shearman (Faber & Faber, 8s. 6d.). An exciting, unusual, amusing and most readable novel.

"The Lady of the Hare," by John Layard (Faber & Faber, 12s. 6d.). A study in the healing power of dreams, contains matter to all concerned with the healing of mind and body, and in particular to the psychologist and to the student of mythology and folk-lore.

"A.T.L." by A. P. Herbert (Ornum Press, 4s. 6d.). An alphabet in verse of the present war. This collection of verses, written during the years 1940-44, memorializes men, women and events of that fateful period. The title of this book is the international code signal for "There is no need for alarm." The book is admirably decorated by J. Nicolson.

"Invisible Anatomy," by E. Graham Howe (Faber & Faber, 10s. 6d.). A study of nerves, hysteria and sex.

"The Women's Land Army," by V. Sackville-West (Michael Joseph, 5s.). Published under the auspices of the Ministry of Agriculture and Fisheries, this is the record of the Women's Land Army since its inception in September, 1939, down to 1944. It is a comprehensive survey of an important branch of women's work in the war.

END

To Make the Punishment Fit the Crime (*Continued from page 42*)

traitors set upon Alder's Gate, which was a sad sight to see," wrote the observant Pepys in 1659. Pepys may have been pleasure-loving and vain, but he was no fool, neither was he a sentimentalist; he was merely voicing the spirit of sympathy and toleration that had blossomed sporadically for centuries, and was slowly, but surely, spreading its roots into the heart of every Englishman. Compared with other countries, England is, and always has been, a paradise for the poor and unfortunate.

Even before the middle ages, when life was all too grim for the villager, thoughtful statesmen had endeavoured to cope with unemployment and its attendant evils—vagrancy and destitution. It was an uphill struggle but, based on sympathy for the "down and out" and an honest desire to improve the condition of living, it has culminated in the old age pension and the Beveridge Report.

It was after the monasteries had been abolished that the lives of the poor became a national problem. Previously they had troubled few but themselves for, in spite of many failings, the monks had looked after the unfortunates, keeping them off the road, and giving them food and shelter. Even before the founding of the religious houses, tithes of bishops were divided into four parts, one of which was set apart for the relief of the "poor or necessitous travellers." In the reign of King Edgar this duty was extended by law to the common people that "they might grow accustomed to the giving of alms"—which proves that our Saxon forebears understood psychology even if they did not know the word! Afterwards, when parochial churches were appropriated by the monasteries, two-thirds of the vicar's revenue was confiscated for the relief of the poor and "to keep hospitality" at the monasteries.

Some parishes kept a single-roomed building for the use of vagrant women during child-birth, or sick persons and destitute families. These early nursing homes were called cages, and the entries of 1691 at St. Bartholomew Exchange also included the sum of two pounds, fifteen shillings and sixpence, spent on food, firing, candles, midwife, nurse, coffin and shroud for the child of an unfortunate woman in the cage.

Pepys mentions a cage in Cornhill, with a pair of stocks for "night-walkers" alongside. It was pulled down in 1667, and Pepys added that "its loss would make the coming into Cornhill mighty noble."

Although it appears these cages were originally intended for charitable purposes, after the introduction of gin drinking amongst the poorer classes, drunkenness increased at such an alarming rate that they were often used as lock-ups. Previously only ale and beer, brewed by the local publican or ale-wife, were the chief drinks of the masses. The abbot, in whose keeping the district was, had the right of assize over these two ever-popular necessities. This included both the right to control the price and quality, and woe betide the careless ale-wife who was found guilty of brewing bad beer. Her neighbours took her punishment in their own hands, and she was either ducked in the village pond while strapped in the cucking-stool—an iron contraption like a chair that gripped the unfortunate woman tightly round the waist—or she was made to sit in the stocks for one day. We can imagine with what zest the villagers entered into the spirit of the punishment, and the hooting and jeering that greeted her as she was led in procession to the pond or village green.

Graver charges were heard at the tribunal or the court-house. These usually belonged to the abbey under which the church had its jurisdiction, the abbot coming at stated intervals to hold his court there. In many an old court-house there remains the large room once used for this purpose. The tribunal at Glastonbury, in Somerset, still retains its dungeons in which the supporters of "King Monmouth" awaited their doom at the whim of the bullying Judge Jeffreys, during the Bloody Assize that followed the Battle of Sedgemoor.

Many villages still respect their ancient round houses, or lock-ups, either as a curiosity or because there has never been the necessity to pull them down. They were often called blind houses—let us hope because they had no windows, and not from the condition of their regular inhabitants. The holes in the door served the dual purpose of ventilation and, if the prisoner's friends rallied round, to put the mouthpiece of a churchwarden's pipe through and pour into the bowl his favourite drink, which would not be either milk or water!

The business-like round house at Castle Carey, also in Somerset, with its roof shaped like a policeman's helmet, was used as late as 1785 to imprison children over the age of seven who had played truant from school, or were found playing on the Sabbath. Poor little mites, as school hours were from 8 a.m. to 7.30 p.m., and biblical-minded teachers followed the well-worn precept of not spoiling the child by a plentiful application of the birch rod, doubtless the lock-up was a welcome holiday for the adventurous rebel.

The scold's bridle, an iron contraption that fitted the face and kept the nagging wife's tongue silent for a while; the stocks for the man who cheated his fellow men, and the round houses for the disorderly were all part of bygone punishments that, if they did little to stem the stream of crime, did at least make the punishment fit it more than all the fines and imprisonments we hear of to-day.

END

1.12.44

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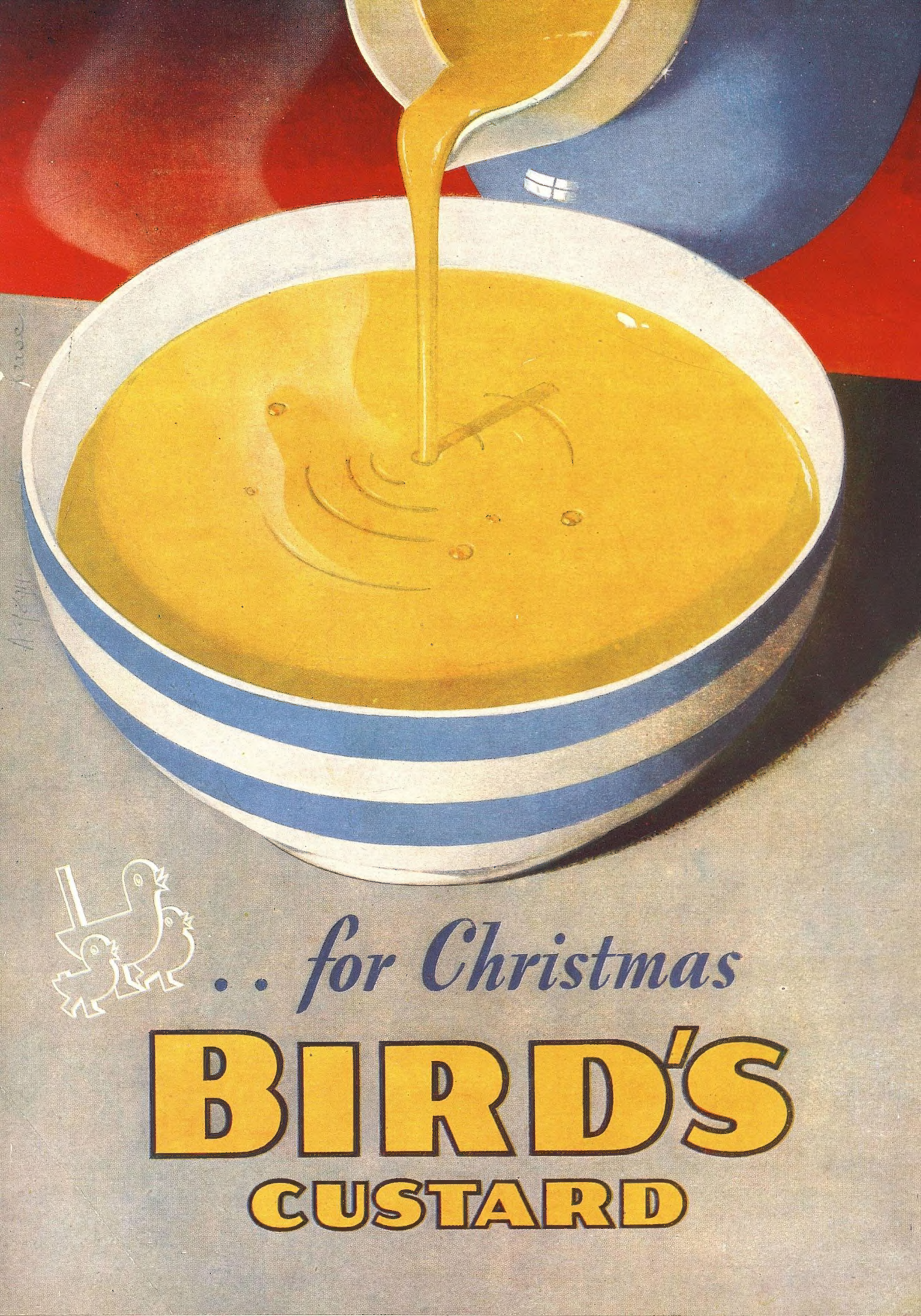
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